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ldridge Cleaver
rites Jesse Jackson
—See page 33

NATIONAL REVIEW

WILL THE HOOVER DEPRESSION HIT ANFORD?

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Volume XX, Number 3 • December, 1983 • P.O. Box 589, Rancho Santa Fe, Calif. 92067 • Area 619:756-2600

Walter M. Bortz II, M.D.:

ON DISEASE . . . AGING . . . AND DISUSE

Much of illness . . . and even many biologic changes thought due to aging . . . may really be due to simple disuse

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *Dr. Walter M. Bortz II of Stanford University School of Medicine and the Palo Alto Medical Clinic, in many medical journal reports, is urging physicians to recognize the striking evidence: That human frailty has a third dimension which is neither disease nor time. And that overcoming the disuse dimension by natural means can sustain health and slow aging-related changes as no drug can. We have asked him to brief you on this vital subject.*

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The "disease theory"—not enough

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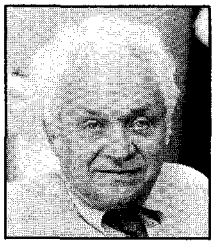
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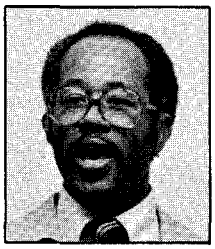
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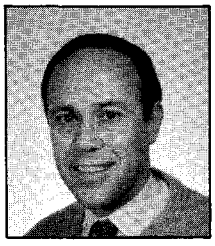
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Cover design by Colleen Lawlor

NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1984. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

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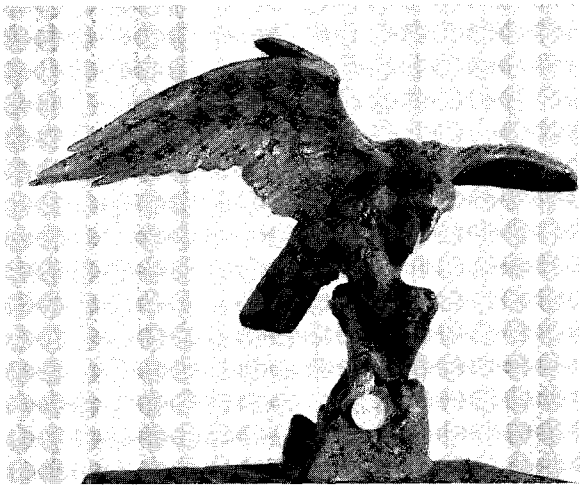

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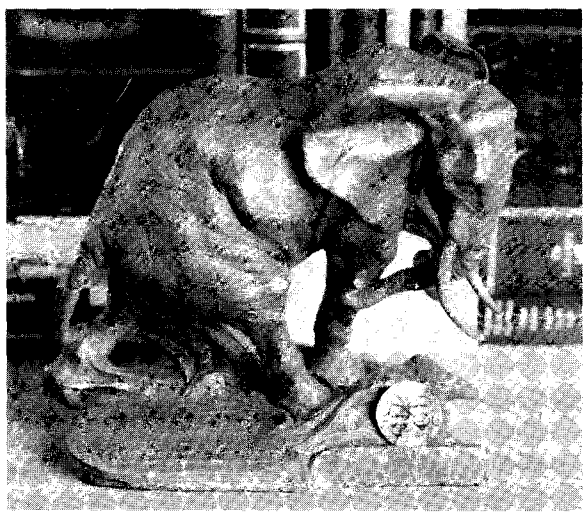

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LETTERS

A Bad Business

I hope some businessmen out there are listening to Arch Puddington ["Business, Labor, and the Anti-Communist Struggle," Jan. 27]. It certainly is ironic that the very bourgeoisie to which Communism is implacably hostile is so friendly to the Communists. Unfortunately, it lends credence to the charge that businessmen are basically unprincipled profitmakers. Will they be too offended by the suggestion that they follow the example of the labor unions?

Howard E. Frazer
Philadelphia, Pa.

Yellow Rags

In his article "The Media at Bay" [Dec. 23], William F. Rickenbacker cites Irving Kristol's reference to the decline in standards of the highbrow press after World War II as formal education shifted in a more job-oriented direction. Toynbee saw a cause-and-effect relation between the introduction of universal primary education in England in the mid-nineteenth century and the emergence of the yellow press in the next generation.

If the yellow press has folded and the highbrow press has taken a middle position to fill the gap, isn't it just possible, in a country in which a significant percentage of high-school students today couldn't locate Paris or Moscow on a world map, that in another twenty years we will have come full circle, with a press on average like the worst rags of the 1890s?

Daniel F. Keay Jr.
Goodwater, Ala.

Back Order

"It Says Here . . ." [Dec. 23] is priceless—and so are all the other Christmas pieces by Aloïse Buckley Heath. As soon as the book containing them is back in print, I should like to order a copy.

Irma M. Zagel
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Industrial Sunrise

One omission in almost every discussion of industrial policy [cf. "Sunset for Industrial Policy?" by Tom Bethell, Dec. 9] is the realization that President Reagan has already put in place a comprehensive strategy to strengthen U.S. competitiveness in world markets. This competitive strategy is based on America's strengths—of our people, our heritage, and our system.

This strategy has several parts: creating an environment for long-term, noninflationary economic growth; freeing business from excessive government regulation, which has diverted capital into nonproductive areas; encouraging steady monetary growth; equalizing the terms of trade through bilateral and multilateral agreements; strengthening our industrial base through tax policies that encourage more research, development, and innovation; revising our antitrust laws to permit mature industries to consolidate and to allow companies to conduct joint R&D; reviewing federal R&D policies to see how they can better contribute to commercial opportunities; and, finally, upgrading the curricula for primary and secondary education to produce technologically literate citizens who can sustain a "knowledge economy."

Clarence J. Brown
Deputy Secretary of Commerce
Washington, D.C.

Tom Bethell's article does a good job of describing the futility of any industrial policy based on massive bureaucratic intervention and centralized priming.

This kind of industrial policy is based on the arrogant fallacy that bureaucrats isolated from the realities of the marketplace can pick the next generation of corporate winners and losers. This kind of policy tends to discount and distrust the innovation and entrepreneurial skill that usually characterized successful new firms and so-called sunrise industries.

Further, it tends to put a premium on grantsmanship—the manipulation of the political and bureaucratic systems to maximize subsidies and protective regulations.

As a result, taxpayers are shortchanged, politicians become the victims of their own unrealistic expectations, and would-be entrepreneurs face the unwelcomed prospect of subsidized competition. All of which goes to illustrate that one of the three greatest lies in the English language is: "I'm from the government and I'm here to help you."

Geoffrey E. Hale
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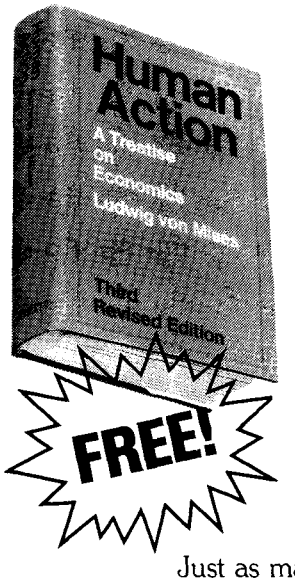

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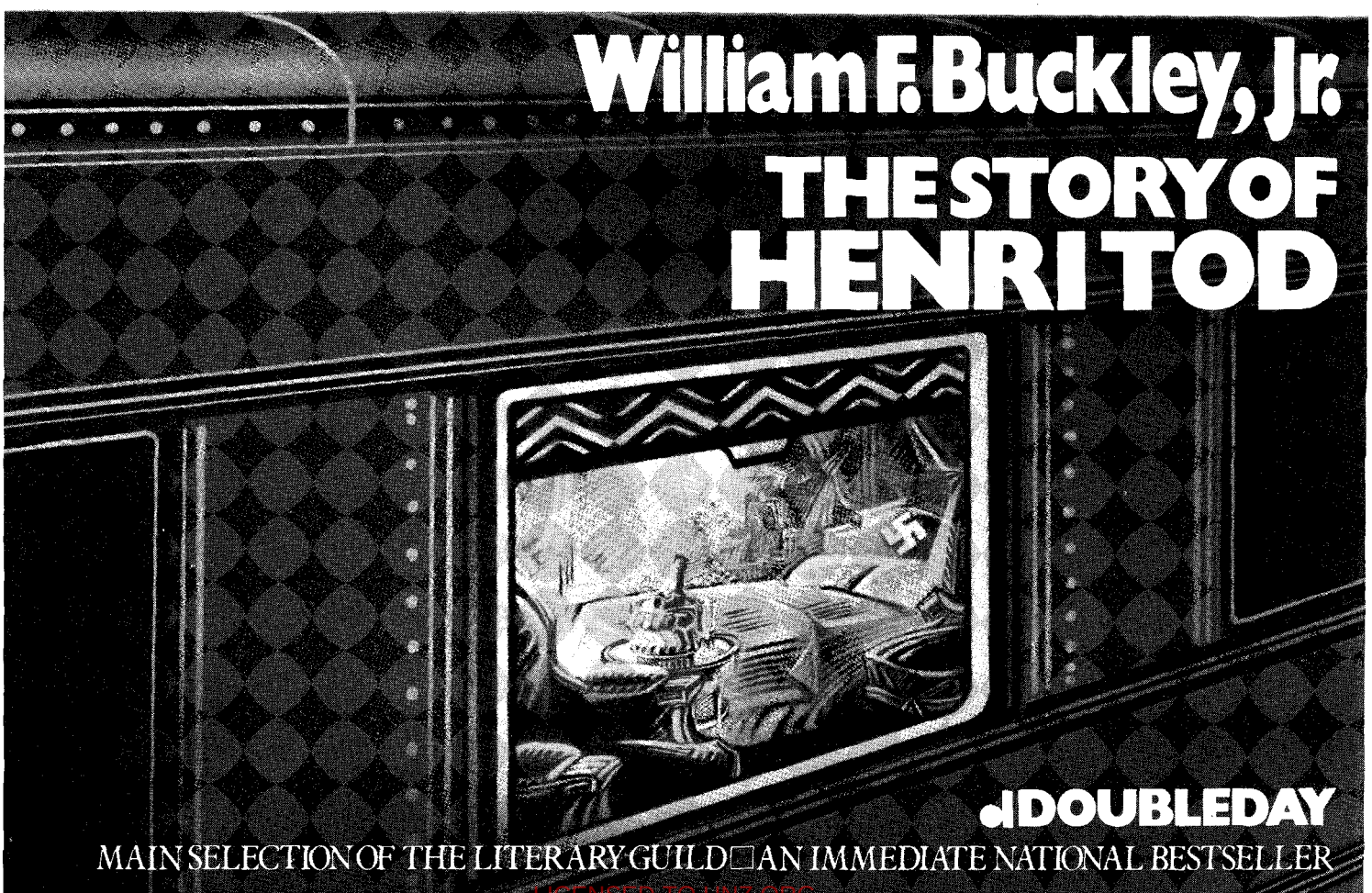
Jack Kennedy is in the White House. Blackford Oakes is in Berlin. Bill Buckley is in top form.

But who's that in Hitler's old railroad car?

A mole and his girlfriend, that's who, wondering that such pleasure can be experienced in such surroundings. On the other hand, Henri Tod, the mole's contact, has no time for anything but vengeance against the East German leadership of Walter Ulbricht. And as the exodus of East Germans to the West grows ever greater, Blackford Oakes is sent to find out how Ulbricht's Kremlin masters will retaliate—an assignment that leads to a smashing conclusion called The Berlin Wall.

William F. Buckley, Jr., whose most recent Blackford Oakes bestseller, *Marco Polo, If You Can,* was hailed as "great fun" *(Chicago Sun-Times)* and "crackling with ideas" *(New York Times),* is equally entertaining in THE STORY OF HENRI TOD. He puts words in John F. Kennedy's mouth, steps into Nikita Khrushchev's shoe, and brings Cold War history to heated, vivid life. But there's more, much more. *Publishers Weekly* says: "This pulse-racing thriller holds the reader in thrall...And it's surprising to experience incidents here that move one profoundly." And *The New York Times* says: "Buckley's wit is first-rate, his digressions on politics brilliant...It *does* certainly entertain us."


William F. Buckley, Jr.
THE STORY OF HENRI TOD
DOUBLEDAY
MAIN SELECTION OF THE LITERARY GUILD □ AN IMMEDIATE NATIONAL BESTSELLER

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Triumphant

The "ludicrous diatribe"—as Monsignor George Higgins describes it ["Letters," Dec. 9]—that Mr. Farley Clinton wrote against the Jesuits some 15 years ago in *Triumph* has been vindicated not only by history but by the Holy Father's unprecedented intervention to take control of that order a couple of years ago, and, indeed, even by the November 26 *New York Times*, which admitted that "the order . . . has been criticized by Pope John Paul II as being too liberal." That was, of course, the substance of Clinton's "diatribe."

Since Monsignor Higgins seems not to have noticed that Clinton and *Triumph* were, well, 15 years ahead of the *Times* (not to say of the Monsignor), it is perhaps not so surprising that he is raging at Clinton again.

Richard Cowden Guido
The Wanderer
New York, N.Y.

Poor Paratroopers

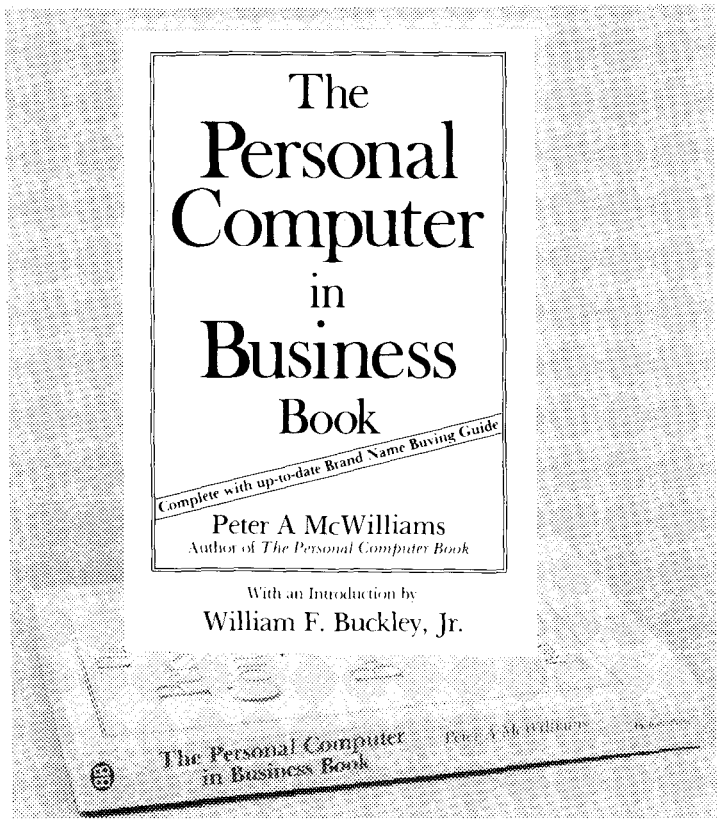
In the November 25 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, I was appalled to find no fewer than a dozen references to "the Marines in Grenada." In the same issue Mr. Crozier stated that President Johnson had sent the Marines to the Dominican Republic in the mid-Sixties. I found these descriptions of U.S. Army paratroopers most painful, especially after suffering through Dan Rather's misinformation night after night. We have grown to expect such from him, but not from *NR*.

Most Americans have tremendous respect for the Marine Corps, and abhor its pitiful situation in Lebanon. However, it is necessary that credit be given where it is due, especially since there is at present a loud voice in some military circles against the maintenance of substantial numbers of parachute troops (and Marines for that matter) in our Rapid Deployment Force. It is argued that paratroopers have outlived their usefulness.

In 1965, the Dominican Republic operation was conducted by the 82nd Airborne Division (Army paratroopers). In 1983, the Grenada operation was spearheaded by the 1st Battalion, 75th Infantry—Airborne Ranger (Army paratroopers). A smaller number of Marines did participate, but the major airfield and arms capture, along with the rescue of American students, was a paratrooper show. Immediately following the initial action, the 82nd Airborne Division (Army paratroopers) moved in, and it continues to dominate activities there.

Harold Snider
Columbus, Ga.

"Peter McWilliams is about as clear as any man can be. What pleasure he takes in telling us what a business computer will do for us, and how contagious that enthusiasm is."
—William F. Buckley, Jr.
from the Introduction



Peter McWilliams, author of the bestselling *Personal Computer Book*, is back, this time with a delightful introduction to personal computers in business. The book is written for anyone in business, from secretaries to C.E.O.s.

The Personal Computer in Business Book is an informative — and surprisingly funny — account of what personal computers are; what they can do for any business, large or small; and how to go about buying one. (One-third of the book, in fact, is a name-brand buying guide.)

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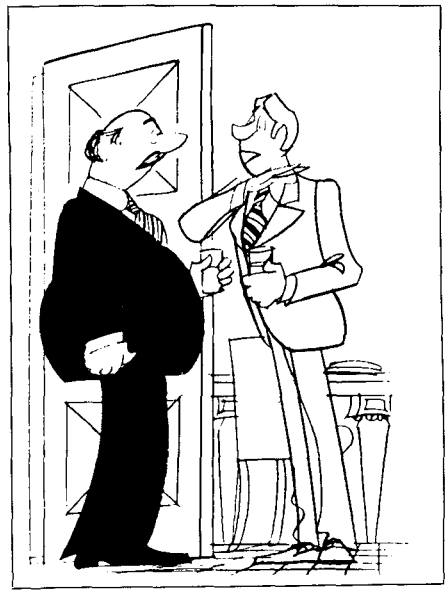
FOR THE RECORD

The **Mondale, Glenn, Askew, Cranston, Hart, Jackson, McGovern, Hollings** Show in New Hampshire was a hit. Now it's time for two **Ronald Reagan** Shows. Reagan will give State of the Union address January 25. He's expected to ask for something long-sought by conservatives: line-item veto. Advisors believe this will help deflate Democratic attacks on deficits. Sen. **Alan Dixon** (D., Ill.) and Rep. **Jack Kemp** (R., N.Y.) have introduced constitutional amendment giving President power to make selective cuts from appropriation bills. . . . On January 29 Reagan will be on TV again—and is expected to make announcement GOP has been waiting for. Major polls —**Gallup, Harris,** *Washington Post*/ABC, *L.A. Times*—all show RR ahead of both Mondale and Glenn. . . . Mondale campaign is riding high after TV debate. Their man Fritz says fight for Democratic nomination is "one of the sweetest primary fights in the party's history." Glenn camp is outraged over *Post*/ABC poll that gave Mondale victory in debate. Glenn spokesman **Mike McCurry** said, "The sample size is so small and the methodology so foul, there is no way this poll can be fair." . . . Poll by *Des Moines Register* shows Mondale has gained six points on Glenn in Iowa since December. Mondale now leads Glenn 49 to 20 per cent—and Cranston's only four points behind Glenn.

. . . Report of bipartisan **Kissinger** Commission on Central America has drawn partisan reaction on Hill. Sen. **Charles McC. Mathias** (R., Md.) says "there will be strong support in Congress" for the commission's recommendations. Speaking of commission's call for $8 billion in economic aid for region, Mathias says, "The price tag, compared to the alternative, is going to look cheap." But Rep. **Clarence Long** (D., Md.), chairman of Foreign Operations Subcommittee of House Appropriations Committee, is already a stumbling block: "What will the money be for? No one can be sure it will get where it is supposed to." . . . President's Private Sector Survey on Cost Control—otherwise known as Grace Commission, after its head, **J. Peter Grace** of W. R. Grace & Co. —puts much of blame on Congress for record deficits. Now Congressional Budget Office and General Accounting Office are conducting joint study of Grace findings to try to find "fat" Grace found. . . . **Donald J. Devine**, director of Reagan's Office of Personnel Management, says Federal Government has equivalent of 71,177 fewer full-time employees than at end of Carter Administration. Education Department is agency that has been cut most, down 27 per cent. Nuclear Regulatory Commission is agency that has grown most under Reagan, up 7.2 per cent. . . . In Massachusetts, decision by Sen. **Paul Tsongas** (D.) not to seek re-election in November has brought a herd of prospective candidates onto field. Rep. **Edward Markey** (D.) has already announced his candidacy, and Reps. **Barney Frank** (D.) and **James Shannon** (D.) are considering a run for it. Another possibility is former Gov. **Edward J. King**, a Democrat well to right of Markey, Frank, and Shannon. Only GOP candidate is businessman **Raymond Shamie**, who got 40 per cent of vote against **Ted Kennedy** in 1982.



Mahood, *Punch*/Rothco

"You've got problems in Afghanistan, Boris? We're up to here *in El Salvador!"*

Mark February 21 on your calendar. According to **Carlos Núñez**, head of Nicaragua's Council of State, that's when Nicaragua will set date for elections to be held in 1985. Elections will be for president, vice president, and a constituent assembly. Competing parties, says Núñez, will have to respond to "revolutionary reality." **Daniel Ortega Saavedra**, member of nine-man Sandinista national directorate, is expected to run for president. Opposition groups hope to unite around one candidate, but doubt elections will be fair. **Enrique Bolaños**, head of country's largest business confederation, says Sandinistas are talking about elections just to "fool the world." Sandinistas have stipulated that anybody who left country to join anti-government rebels won't be eligible to run, thereby ruling out candidacy of **Edén Pastora**—Comandante Cero. . . . He's miffed by President Reagan's decision to establish full diplomatic relations with the Vatican, but Rev. **Jerry Falwell**, head of Moral Majority, says "it won't end my support of the President." . . . Reagan named January 22 National Sanctity of Human Life Day. Date marked 11th anniversary of *Roe* v. *Wade*, Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion. Since 1973, there have been 15 million abortions in U.S. . . . Legal Defense Fund of Americans United for Life is hosting March 31 conference in Chicago's Palmer House Hotel devoted to "Reversing *Roe* v. *Wade*" through courts. For more information write: Americans United for Life, 230 North Michigan Avenue, Suite 915, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

Rev. **Ralph David Abernathy** of Southern Christian Leadership Conference is supporting candidacy of fellow preacher Jesse Jackson, but Abernathy doesn't support Jackson to the hilt. "I would never," he says, "support Jackson to be president" of SCLC.

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THE WEEK

One practical difference between an authoritarian and a totalitarian regime is that you'll never hear liberals making excuses for the former.

Clearly what is wrong with liberal thought today is that it has no Theory of 1983. Any Theory of 1983 would have to explain why, in the year Reaganomics was implemented, unemployment dropped by one-quarter, industrial production rose by 14 per cent (leaving Japan and Europe far behind), inflation fell to the lowest rate in a generation, and the Dow Jones averages racked up a solid 25 per cent gain. The best the liberals can come up with, in explaining the success of Reaganomics, is that it was "unintentionally Keynesian." Now if they could only get *intentional* Keynesianism to work.

We have a simple suggestion for the deficit problem: pass a Jimmy Carter budget. Right now, federal revenues are estimated at $668 billion in fiscal '84, and spending at $848 billion, leaving a $180-billion deficit. Back five years ago, Carter proposed to spend $704 billion (1984 dollars) on ongoing "current services." So we could cut the deficit by $144 billion, or 80 per cent, just by going back to the level of continuing services Jimmy Carter thought acceptable. The deficit problem is a spending problem.

Massachusetts's Fifth District is represented by 31-year-old James Shannon, a protégé of Tip O'Neill, and a drip off the old crock. His record is in every way dreadful: taxes high, spending gross, Grenada blasted (Shannon changed his tune on that one precisely when Tip did). His constituents will have a chance to replace him with a younger (thirty), savvy conservative, Greg Hyatt. Hyatt led the effort to put Massachusetts's tax-cutting Proposition 2½ on the ballot in 1980, and stumped the state for a "yes" vote (he got it). Proposition 2½ carried every city and town in the Fifth District; Shannon gratuitously opposed it. Bye, Jim. Tip, you're next. Then maybe Ted. Some men see things as they are and ask why; others dream of things that never were and ask, Why not?

Just one year ago, people were saying that the industrial cities of the Midwest would never recover from their slump. Much of the hubbub over "industrial policy" was based on this despairing prediction. But now the figures have turned around. In Youngstown, Ohio, unemployment dropped from 20.3 per cent in October 1982 to 13.7 per cent in October 1983; in Rockford, Illinois, from 19.8 per cent to 11.1 per cent; in Dubuque, Iowa, from 13.6 per cent to 8.3 per cent; and in Muncie, Indiana, from 13.1 per cent to 9.8 per cent. Things have improved further since then, and now *Business Week* says "the Democrats' early enthusiasm for what is generally known as industrial policy seems to be cooling." Along with their election hopes.

The cry in Washington is that "there's no more room to cut spending," but the Grace Commission poked around and found $424 billion in possible savings over three years. The Reagan Administration can implement some of the cuts unilaterally; Congress is expected to resist, however, since every surplus office and military base is in someone's district. But no matter what happens in the immediate budget battle, the Grace report for years to come will be an invaluable guide for conservative researchers, a bureaucratic Baedeker telling where to find each agency's fountains of funding and bottomless pits of waste. Don't just take our word that it's good: Go to your library, find the book on your favorite agency, and dive in.

The small industry (stage and screen) devoted to making Karen Silkwood the nuclear-power Sacco and Vanzetti (see "The Week," *NR*, January 27) will jubilate at the Supreme Court's recent decision in the case. The ruling was in fact quite narrow, and irrelevant to the larger symbolic issues. The United States Court of Appeals had overturned a jury's award of $10 million in punitive damages against the Kerr-McGee Corporation on the grounds that the decision trespassed on the regulatory prerogatives of the Federal Government. The Supreme Court upheld the regulatory monopoly, but ruled that damages under state negligence laws could indeed still be claimed.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE KISSINGER COMMISSION'S report nets out as a major plus for Ronald Reagan, observers here agree. The panel was populated with some very visible and outspoken opponents of the Administration, who, after six months of immersion in the tortured conflict of Central America, wound up endorsing the basis of the President's view of the region, namely that a) the Soviet/Cuban threat is both present and formidable, and b) the Sandinistas are exporting revolution. Additionally and remarkably, Mr. Reagan got the commission's support for continued covert aid to the *contras* (Nicaraguans fighting to overthrow the Sandinistas), substantial military aid for the Salvadoran government, and more regional aid ($8 billion) than he wants. He also got a single report, with no minority report of a kind that would have nullified the commission's effect. The likelihood is that Congress now has in hand a document that will be seen as genuinely bipartisan and as an acceptable overview of the Central American conflict. Also, the report can be translated into various pieces of legislation with Mr. Reagan no longer appearing to stand alone. In fact, with the $8-billion recommendation, the commission has asked for the sun, whereas Mr. Reagan will doubtless content himself with the moon, thus appearing the more reasonable.

The report's conditionality requirement (aid to El Salvador tied to "visible and continued progress" on human rights) sticks in the Administration's throat, not because of the objective, but rather the means to it. Legislative enforcement of conditionality is at best clumsy. Reading the riot act privately to the Salvadoran government is the better way to go.

Of passing note is the extent to which the doves on the Kissinger Commission became "hawked" by their six months' immersion—notably Henry Cisneros, the mayor of San Antonio. Last August he said Mr. Reagan had not made his case concerning a Soviet/Cuban threat in Central America. Today, like the other commission doves generally, he thinks otherwise. The Sandinistas failed to convince the commissioners that they are really peace-loving reformers. Their two big mistakes were a) insulting the commissioners outrageously on their Managua visit, and b) briefing the panel on intelligence matters (like U.S. reconnaissance flights) with such sophisticated data as could only have been supplied by the Soviets.

As soon as Congress returns, watch for Mike Barnes (D., Md.) to press again for passage of the bill that he authored and the President pocket-vetoed last November, viz., tying aid to certification on human rights. The Democrats will be out in full force to embarrass Mr. Reagan politically in this election year. Reagan supporters on the Hill will find it difficult to vote against the Barnes measure, not wishing to look like supporters of nun-killing. The upshot may well be a long debate on conditionality in the abstract, with no vote on the Barnes bill unless it is linked to a concrete military-aid figure as a trade-off. But if push comes to shove, Barnes will win big in both chambers.

POLITICAL NOTES: Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Chuck Percy is making the State Department and the National Security Council dyspeptic by his lurching into ipse-dixits. Early in January, before Congress got back (thus drawing particular attention to his actions), the senator called for troop withdrawal from Lebanon and announced a Senate hearing on the subject, without so much as a phone call to George Shultz. Beyond that, the Administration feared that the chairman would turn the gavel over to Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.) and let him run on against the President. Percy's deportment is all the more inscrutable in view of the stiff re-election challenge he faces in November from Congressman Tom Corcoran, who is running largely on the premise that Percy is disloyal to Mr. Reagan.

PERSONNEL NOTE: Charles Wick, USIA head, will pull through, if you believe Washington insiders. His unprecedented and edifying apology—coupled with Mr. Reagan's backing and the pleas that columnists are directing to those holding the Wick transcripts not to publish them (in the interest of the privacy of the people whom Wick recorded)—may well save the beleaguered director. Morton Kondracke, executive editor of *The New Republic*, went so far as to say that William Safire's ethics in divulging certain transcripts were worse than Wick's in generating them. In any event, Wick seems to be off the wicket. —CATO

Kerr-McGee will now appeal the size of the award. For plutonium explosions, sinister car crashes, corporate wickedness, and lesbian lovingkindness, you gotta go to the thee-aytur.

Mission accomplished, and only three hundred U.S. troops remain in Grenada, mostly for reconstruction work. "Grenada" has just about disappeared from the liberal lexicon, along with Reaganomics.

Representative Donald Albosta of Michigan has for some months now been in charge of investigating the use of Carter material by the 1980 Reagan campaign. What's he waiting for? Could political timing have anything to do with his delay? We are ashamed of so unworthy a suspicion.

The visit of Chinese Premier Zhao Ziyang to the United States has already been given high grades by all of the graders who count in Washington, so we will not belabor its success here. We observe simply that the Administration deserves commendation for having strengthened U.S. ties with China without compromising on its basic position on Taiwan. It is also refreshing to note that Ronald Reagan wisely

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has refrained from going to China until a proper Chinese leader had come here. For once, the kowtowing is taking place in the right direction.

Jacobo Timerman has returned to Argentina, where authoritarian rule has begun yielding to democracy, yea, even as Jeane Kirkpatrick prophesied. But something tells us it will be a cold day in Utopia before Timerman and his champions admit Mrs. Kirkpatrick had a point.

Alexander Cockburn, the oh-so-caustic leftist pundit, landed in hot water recently when it came to light that he'd accepted $10,000 in Arab money to do a book on the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, pursuing his longtime anti-Israel inclinations. In the ensuing uproar, a) the socialist *Village Voice* suspended his column, while b) the capitalist *Wall Street Journal* kept him on. Just as Alex would have predicted. The right-wing press is indifferent to corruption.

In the course of an article about psychiatry in China, Mr. Michael Weisskopf of the *Washington Post* vouchsafes that "the state is now run by pragmatic socialists who favor scientific solutions to all problems ranging from the economy to mental health." Right, and anybody who harbors unscientific ideas or who makes an unscientific break for Hong Kong is pragmatically shot.

Don't think that just because *1984* is banned in the USSR, the Soviets haven't taken its lessons to heart. An article in the Soviet journal *New Times* calls the novel "a grim warning precisely to bourgeois society, bourgeois civilization, bourgeois democracy—in which, as [Orwell] feared, the poisonous roots of anti-humanism, all-devouring militarism, and oppression have today thrust up truly monstrous shoots." Even Big Brother can cite Orwell for his purpose.

The Rumsfeld Mission

Assad's pals are peculiar:
  Khomeini rules Iran
And has a predilection
  For plastics in a van;
The other one, Qaddafi,
  Runs Libya with his boot.
All lean toward paranoia
  When facing a dispute.

W. H. VON DREELE

General Pandemonium (3:00, Channel 6). Yuri, although still dead, fails to respond to dialectalysis treatment for his kidney ailment, and his cold persists into its fifth month. . . . In a torrid reunion, Hosni and Yasir embrace and kiss in public before retiring to Hosni's private chambers. . . . Johnny and Liz arrange for a quiet rendezvous in rehab, but Jane decides to go ahead with her plan to have twins. . . . Caroline marries a wealthy and unbelievably handsome commoner, and the queen is simply *furious*. . . . Luke and Laura, holding hands, walk into the sunset and ruin the program. . . . The transplanted kidney rejects Yuri and is summarily shot.

0 for 8

THEY CAME to the Dartmouth campus, the lot of them—one former Vice President, one former governor, five once or present senators, and a man of the cloth—to put forward their qualifications for the Presidency. The little town of Hanover, New Hampshire, was overrun with green-badged reporters and grave, clean-cut young men with wires running out of their ears. At least two lunatics paraded in front of the Hanover Inn, advertising their availability. Pro-lifers rallied for two hours on the snowy, subfreezing green, singing and beseeching from afar. Tickets were as rare as silver quarters. The candidates showed some wit, and considerable stamina. The moderators, Ted Koppel and Phil Donahue, were both trenchant and fair. The clear winner was Ronald Reagan.

It is hard to remember what the Democratic Party was like, as recently as eight years ago. In March 1976, Jeffrey Hart wrote in *NR* that the party contained "two distinct and irreconcilable parties—what might be called a 'Wallace Party' and a 'Udall Party.'" George Wallace had made a powerful bid for the 1972 nomination, winning, the day he was shot, the Maryland and Michigan primaries. He looked to make another strong showing in 1976. Also on the relative right was Henry Jackson, who would win the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania primaries. Jimmy Carter won the nomination (and the election) by seducing right-wing voters (his initial breakthrough, in the Iowa caucus, came with the support of anti-abortionists).

The Democratic Right these days has been reduced to two pale Southern moderate liberals, Ernest Hollings and Reubin Askew. Essentially vice presidential candidates, they are debarred from saying anything radically different, and neither of them was particularly effective in Hanover. Whenever they tried to put some distance between themselves and the Left they introduced so many qualifications as to be almost meaningless. Thus Hollings made great

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play of an across-the-board budget freeze, but later said he would switch money saved on the MX missile to federal day-care centers. Askew did not support a nuclear freeze, on the grounds that it would prevent us from modernizing, but came out instead for a "cap." Pointy-headed intellectuals need not tremble.

The party as a whole has in fact become the McGovern Party. Appropriately enough, there sat George McGovern, the man who swept Massachusetts, as one of the eight hopefuls. He did get off the second-best line of the afternoon: "I don't know who my running-mate will be. This time I'll be careful."

The McGovernite spirit was most purely articulated by Alan Cranston, who emphasized that he has only two issues: removing nuclear weapons "from God's earth," and full employment. No fooling around for him. He urged his fellow candidates to agree with him that nuclear war was the most important issue of our times, and they all did. Senator Cranston further noted that he had been instructed in the evils of the bomb by Albert Einstein himself. That's going right to the top; didn't even have to read "Hiroshima" in *The New Yorker*.

Yet if McGovernism is the wave of the future, why hasn't it won any elections? If the formula is a given, there must be some deviation from it that will yield political results. This problem preoccupied, in their different ways, Gary Hart and John Glenn. Hart has made a minor reputation as a serious student of military reform, and he spoke with dignity and force. His entire pitch is that America needs new ways of thinking; his entire problem is that he cannot say what they are, or, if he does, they don't seem very new or very thoughtful. In the helter-skelter format of the debate, Hart couldn't even mention "new industrial policy"—probably just as well, since he has so far been incapable of explaining it.

The Yankee cabby who drove *NR*'s reporter away after the fracas remarked appreciatively of John Glenn that he was "in the wrong pahty." This is a perception akin to the one fostered by Jimmy Carter in 1976, and one that Glenn's handlers want to fortify. Building on his war and space record, Glenn over the last few months has tried to cultivate an image of fiscal prudence. The headline exchange of the whole three hours was Glenn's collision with Mondale, wherein he attacked some of Mondale's budgetary talk as "the same vague gobbledygook we've heard throughout this campaign . . . If we're going to balance this budget [we can't go out] promising everything to everybody." It brought Mondale out of his chair like a Roman candle, and yet Glenn's own solutions were nothing if not gobbledy. He proposed a "pay as you go" spending policy, which completely punts the question of what would be paid for—an attempt to drain the politics out of politics that was also eerily reminiscent of Carter. He also plugged higher taxes: a direct 10 per cent surcharge, and a delay of indexing. Some prudence.

And there was Walter Mondale, the Silver Swan. ("*The Silver Swan*," according to the anonymous Elizabethan lyric, "*who living had no note, / When death approached, unlocked her silent throat.*") He at least had the virtue of consistency. If, as Hart and Glenn seemed to demonstrate, there are no side doors from late twentieth-century liberalism, then the only logical thing to do is to push on. And so when Gary Hart took up Glenn's theme, that "you cannot lead this country if you've promised everybody everything," Mondale delivered this apologia: "I haven't promised everything. I have promised to put people back to work . . . to protect the environment . . . to pass ERA . . . to seek a safer world . . . [Earlier promises included standing up for American workers, i.e., tariffs, and spending more on education.] America is nothing if it isn't promises. That's what America is about." Thomas Jefferson, call your answering machine.

The best line of the affair came from Jesse Jackson. In the midst of the Glenn-Mondale shouting match, this tropical fish gravely advised that "we must approach this in a vein of seriousness." Jackson, despite his trip to Damascus, has no serious chance, which, along with his race, accounts for the free media ride he has been getting. Practically every other Jackson

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statement is a gaffe, and if Ronald Reagan may seem "simplistic" at times, at least he never tries to talk in rhymed couplets. Jackson's marginality, however, allowed him to make one point in a way more forthright than any other candidate, Republican or Democrat, can. Three times he said that Western Europe and Japan have "grown up" and ought to pay for their own defense. It will be interesting to see how, if at all, that resonates.

For the next three months the Democrats will have all the action, and all the copy. If Hanover was an indication, there will be moments of drama, and personalities capable of exploiting them. But so far, politically and ideologically, the man the eight want to unseat has nothing to fear.

Reagan's Soviet Speech

IN ITS overall stress on peace and its conciliatory rhetoric, Mr. Reagan's speech on U.S.-Soviet relations was intended, in the wake of missile deployment, Grenada, and Beirut, to calm European nerves. European anxieties—have you noticed?—are not confined to the leftist minority, but run across the entire political spectrum. The lead editorial in the January 14 *Economist*, the moderate-conservative British weekly, reflects the thinking of the political and economic establishment in the City of London. It credits Reagan with a reviving economy and with restoring abroad a sense of American resolve but goes on to urge more supple and modulated approaches in a second term, building upon what has already been achieved. "Threats are diminished not by agreements as such . . . but by attitudes."

The Reagan speech also served domestic political goals. With the economy rapidly improving, foreign policy has now moved to the center of the partisan debate. In Hanover, New Hampshire (see "0 for 8" above), all eight Democrats presented themselves as "peace" candidates. Various polls show Reagan to be potentially vulnerable on the war-peace issue. The speech attempted to meet that vulnerability without in any way abandoning policies of strength. The USSR certainly is an evil empire, but it has a lot of bombs, and we have to talk with it.

The persisting life of Reagan's "evil empire" phrase of ten months ago is a matter of some curiosity. It crops up all the time in complaints about Reagan by columnists and commentators: Henry Steele Commager has called that speech the worst ever delivered by a President, and the *New York Times* headlined the phrase in its lead editorial of January 17. "Evil empire" sticks in the liberal craw.

But an "evil empire" is precisely what the Soviet Union actually is. One thinks of the Gulag, the infamous mental hospitals, slave labor building the Siberian gas pipeline, yellow rain, the attempt to kill the Pope, KAL Flight 007, the comprehensive lying, the ongoing war against poetry, art, religion, and all forms of free thought—well, if that's not an evil empire, it will certainly do until the real thing comes along. Perhaps the liberals used up their capacity for moral judgment forty years ago over the evil empire of the Third Reich, and have been ethically exhausted ever since.

The Kissinger Report

"WE HAVE concluded this exercise persuaded that Central America is both vital and vulnerable and that whatever crises may arise to claim the nation's attention, the United States cannot afford to turn away from that threatened region." If the report of the national bipartisan commission on Central America—the so-called Kissinger report—achieves nothing more than to drive home the above message to Congress, it will have served the nation well. No single report from a temporary commission can possibly imbue the nation's lawmakers with the enduring vision, wisdom, and will that the crisis in Central America calls for, but the report may at least make possible the minimum consensus necessary for the Administration to pursue an effective policy toward the region.

By any measure the Kissinger report (about which more in the next issue of *NR*) is a singular achievement. Henry Kissinger has confounded the skeptics and pulled off yet another diplomatic coup in managing to pull together the 12 ideologically disparate members of the commission into a broad consensus both on the nature of the problem and the threats facing Central America, and on an overall approach to surmounting the crisis. Individual members of the commission registered their dissent on a few specific points, but the overall thrust of the report was unanimously, even enthusiastically, endorsed. That will make it difficult for Congress to reject its findings.

The commission unanimously agreed that Soviet- and Cuban-backed insurgencies pose a critical threat to the region's security and recommended a massive increase in U.S. military aid to El Salvador and other countries to respond to that threat. Commendably, the commission avoided falling into the trap of recommending negotiations with the insurgents, or with Moscow and Havana, as the solution to the problem—such negotiations almost always revolving around the terms of surrender to the thugs.

The commission's good judgment did lapse in its assertion that military aid to El Salvador should be made contingent upon demonstrated progress in the area of human rights. This is, unfortunately, akin to insisting that a man whose house is burning down provide evidence that he has complied with all local building codes before offering him assistance. How-

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ever, this is one requirement that Congress was almost certain to insist on anyway, regardless of what the Kissinger report said.

The price tag on the economic-aid program that the commission calls for is breathtakingly high—some $8 billion over five years—and does not even include the cost of military assistance and some other forms of aid recommended in the report. Given the strategic stakes involved, however, the sum is paltry.

Find Me Your Poor, Your Hungry

THE PRESIDENT'S Task Force on Food Assistance made a number of specific recommendations, most of them designed to simplify bureaucratic procedures and increase the amount of money available for federal food programs. Standards of need would be relaxed. States that set up their own food programs could also receive a block grant—a chunk of federal money, periodically adjusted, which they could administer as they wished. The report concluded that "general claims of widespread hunger can neither be positively refuted nor definitely proved."

Out came the knives. Forty-two poorblackhispanicreligious groups kicked in, prompt as the Rockettes. Teddy Kennedy called the report "an insult to every American who has ever visited a soup kitchen." (If the multimillionaire kakistocrat has ever visited a soup kitchen for anything other than a photo opportunity, the news hasn't reached these parts.)

Some of the criticism was narrowly self-interested. Robert Dole, tireless point man for the farm lobby (which benefits greatly from the food-stamp program), expressed skepticism; so did the chairman of the House Agriculture Committee.

But most of the criticism was ideological. The ideologization of hunger has been going on for a long time. The basic reason for it is the relative *lack* of hunger in this country. America has no crushing poverty like the Sahel, or India, or Brazil; hasn't had it for decades. America Lasters must accordingly seek out covert misery—something that does not require a shantytown to point at. Hunger makes an excellent candidate.

To this end, all sorts of sophisms have been employed. In the early Sixties Michael Harrington and Dwight Macdonald wrote that one of the reasons America's poor were invisible was that they ate junk food, and hence were fat. Mostly one simply visits soup kitchens—*à la* Teddy—and holds up as evidence the wretches therein (without inquiring: Do they have any money? If so, what have they spent it on? How did they reach this condition? Why do they stay in it?).

The Task Force report was a genuinely nonideological document. Assuming federal participation, it proposed rationalizing measures. Its substantive recommendations could have been issued, *mutatis mutandis*, by Lyndon Johnson or John Kennedy. Its critics are the ones quoting blindly from holy writ.

AT&T: What Was Broken, And Why It Was Fixed

THE AT&T split-up, now confusing audiences from coast to coast, has caused some disagreement in conservative ranks. George Will says the Reagan Administration is insisting on fixing a phone system that wasn't broken. On the other hand, many conservative economists have hailed the settlement as a victory for competition. Here are some of their arguments.

For many years the regulators have forced long-

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But you also get a rare behind-the-scenes glimpse of *National Review*'s "people" in action. All the editors were there, as was William Rusher, the Publisher (who served as Master of Ceremonies). So this party is very much like a super editorial meeting. You hear "in person" from Rusher, Rick Brookhiser, Joe Sobran, Jeff Hart, Priscilla Buckley, Bill Buckley (in *Latin*, believe it or not—but you'll understand him!), NR's man in Washington, John McLaughlin, and, to top it off, Ronald Reagan. Have you ever wondered what these people are like off the record? Well, here's your chance to find out.

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distance users to subsidize local service. This arrangement was never defensible in principle, since it distorted both markets. It fell apart in practice when users found ways to bypass the Bell System's high long-distance rates, by turning to MCI, or building their own satellite and microwave systems. As this bypassing proceeded, the costs of the Bell network were spread over fewer long-distance users, which would eventually have pushed rates even higher. This would have driven more users out of the system, leading again to higher rates, and so on, until either Bell was forced out of long-distance service, or local regulators agreed to stop milking its long-distance revenues. In either case local rates would rise.

There are two other good reasons for divestiture, given the existing circumstances. First, the most inventive minds in the old Bell System were being held back by regulation. There are plausible reasons to forbid a company that holds a legal monopoly in one area from selling products in other markets where it has competitors. Consequently, AT&T had to sit on computer products it had invented. Now it can offer them to the public.

Second, something had to be done about the government's antitrust suit against AT&T, which had dragged on for years. The company faced the bizarre prospect of paying punitive damages to atone for actions its regulators had forced it to take.

In a way, AT&T can be compared to TWA, a company that is trying to split its airline off into a separate firm while keeping its profitable sideline businesses. Once the airline is independent, its unions will not be able to get at the profits of the hotel and food subsidiaries; they will have to live within the economic realities of the airline business. Likewise, local regulators will no longer be able to squeeze the parent AT&T to keep local phone rates down. That may turn out to be a real victory against overregulation—even if it comes in the peculiar disguise of zealous trust-busting.

Agca and the PR Men

SERGEI IVANOV ANTONOV, the Bulgarian named by Mehmet Ali Agca as the coordinator in Rome of the attempt on the Pope's life, has been transferred back from house arrest to prison. The *Wall Street Journal* observes: "When he was released to house arrest, many of the reports suggested the case against him was weak; we hope all the same folks will stick to the same logic and take the latest development as proof of his guilt."

What the *Journal* is alluding to is the tendency to minimize any evidence of a Soviet role in this or any other crime. The same journalistic outfits that usually preen themselves on investigative reporting, on following hot leads wherever they may point, "without fear or favor," have been strangely eager to pass up leads in one of the biggest crime stories of modern times.

Who stands to be embarrassed by the truth? The Soviet Union, of course; but also those many people, including plenty of respectable journalists, who have a heavy stake in their respectable perception of the Soviets as respectable people. The *New York Times* continues to sneer compulsively at Ronald Reagan for calling the USSR an "evil empire." And well may the *Times* sneer, for it has a sort of tradition that somebody in-house does casual PR work for Communism in the West. There was Walter Duranty in Russia, Herbert Matthews in Cuba, David Halberstam and Harrison Salisbury in Vietnam, Alan Riding and Raymond Bonner in Central America. For half a century we have been assured that we were facing only "agrarian reformers," "democratic forces," and "legitimate aspirations," right up until the forced march, the "re-education camps," and Gulag.

It is no longer possible to come back from Russia chirping, "I have been over into the future, and it works." But the residual will-to-believe still expresses itself as it can in shrill mockery of principled anti-Communism and in endless faith in treaties, negotiations, and "dialogue." It expresses itself obversely in the will to *dis*believe evidence of Soviet cheating on arms-control agreements, of Soviet use of biochemical weapons, of a Soviet hand in Agca's act; and, once the facts are established, in apathy.

The case against the Soviets in the shooting of the Pope is not final. Given the Soviets' modus operandi, it will at best be hard to prove. All the more reason why the investigation should be pressed thoroughly, and why it is curious that so many champions of the public's right to know are so unusually reluctant to know the truth here.

Ruminating with Mr. Mondale

I hate flamboyance. Cripes, I'm no Bob Hope,
So please don't load my speeches up with gags.
They tell me Jackson's off to see the Pope,
With half his wardrobe fashioned out of flags.
So shall I start a minstrel show? Some wags
Say Fritz in blackface might be just the thing.
Of course they're only kidding, but it drags
The *tone* down so. I find it maddening.
Glenn thinks he's Robert Redford in *The Sting*
When what he's really in's *The Walking Dead.*
I think they'll have the last rites in the spring
When all the numbers say I'll be ahead.
There's just this Jesse Jackson thing to beat.
Perhaps I'll (I'm just kidding!) wear a sheet.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Burn, Baby, Burn!

SAN FRANCISCO'S gay community, as they call it, has been in a histrionic uproar about the release of Dan White from prison. White has completed his five-year sentence (with time off for good behavior) for voluntary manslaughter: He killed both the mayor and a (homosexual) supervisor. Upon his release, city officials—the remaining ones—were concerned about possible violence to White from homosexuals.

It seems crazy. Of all reasons to get upset, the gay angle seems least consequential. The killing of the supervisor, Harvey Milk, was eminently nondiscriminatory: White shot one heterosexual and one homosexual for reasons wholly personal. If the sexual orientation of his victims was incidental to him, why should anyone else be exercised?

The real outrage is far more commonplace. White planned and executed a double murder; and already he is free. It says something about the way we live now that the public has taken note of his absurdly light sentence for a reason extraneous to the heart of the issue. If ever a man deserved the death penalty for his crime, that man is Dan White. Why weren't the straight people rioting too?

Aleksandr Schmemann, R I P

FATHER ALEKSANDR SCHMEMANN never saw Russia. He was born in 1921 in Estonia to a Russian émigré family that eventually settled in France. Yet he did not neglect the land of his fathers. After coming to the United States in 1951, he taped a weekly Russian-language sermon for Radio Liberty for thirty years. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn wrote, while still in the USSR, of these sermons:

> For a long time, with spiritual delight, I have been listening on Sunday evening, whenever possible, to the sermons of Father Aleksandr . . . over Radio Liberty. And I was amazed how genuine, how truly contemporary, and of what high order is his art of preaching . . . Never a note of falsehood, not an iota of rhetoric, without empty recourse to obligatory form and ritual which causes a listener discomfort . . . Always a deep thought and profound feeling.

He worked tirelessly for Orthodoxy in America. Becoming Dean of Saint Vladimir's Seminary in 1962, he built it up into a center of Orthodox theology respected throughout the world. Father Aleksandr played a central role in the negotiations that resulted in the recognition by the Orthodox Church in the Soviet Union of the independence of the North American daughter church it had planted in 1794 in Alaska, now known as the Orthodox Church in America.

In an era of ersatz "liturgical reform," Father Aleksandr put forward his studies of liturgical theology, insisting that the liturgical rite is an important theological *source*; or, in simple terms, if you want to understand Baptism, your first source should be the text of Baptism, not a textbook of sacramental theology. But Father Aleksandr was always a champion of genuine liturgical renewal. His efforts are known by their fruits: a full seminary, regular and frequent participation in the sacraments, and more frequent attendance at divine office.

Father Aleksandr Schmemann died on December 13, 1983. A generation of priests gathered to see him off as he went to join the heavenly worship.

—FATHER STEFAN SARAFIAN

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ XXII XI, MCMLXXXIII

From: H. Van Wouw Koeleman
To: WFB Jr.

LECTORI SALVTEM O BILLE

XX NOVEMBRIS ANNO DOMINI MCMLXXXIII

HARVARD	YALE
XVI	VII

FACILE DICTV MIHI
TIBI HORRIBILE COMMEMORATV

OBIIT TAVRINVS CANIS
REQVIESCAT IN PACE

Rah,
Hans

Non condescendite Yale qui vincit 1883-1983 62-38, you betchum, Wouw Wouw Wouw. —WFB
Yale '50

☐ To the Editor
Esquire Magazine

Dear Sir:

I write reluctantly to refer other than to your truly remarkable anniversary issue—on which I enthusiastically congratulate you—but I must do so because of a most peculiar statement made by Miss Judith Adler Hennessee in her article on Ted Koppel ("The Man Who Wouldn't Be King," January 1984). She was going on merrily about a *Nightline* program on which I raised the question, What was this Mr. Adamov, ostensibly a Soviet journalist, in fact a Soviet official (there being no such thing as a Soviet "journalist"), doing on this program? Ostensibly he

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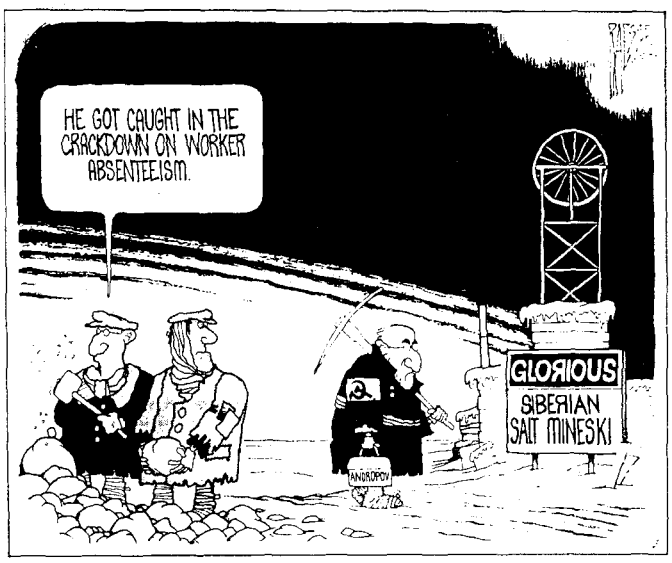
was giving us the "views" of the people of Russia, but of course he could not even give his own views on the subject being discussed, given that the only views he is permitted to utter are those of the Soviet Union; unless he elected to defect on Mr. Koppel's show, way to go.

Miss Hennessee, after noting that Mr. Brzezinski and then Mr. Koppel both agreed that Mr. Adamov was merely a Soviet mouthpiece, went on: "The show ignites; this is high drama, and Koppel is thinking, Way to go, Bill, this is going to be good. He is also thinking that he has the advantage, he can always pull the plug. Brzezinski, not to be outdone, picks up on the flunky refrain . . . and in the control room they are flipping out at the sheer pleasure of it, particularly when Buckley insinuates that Koppel is a Communist. Later Koppel says, 'Had he tried to raise an issue I had not heard before a hundred times [that a Russian should not be allowed to propagandize on American television], I would say, "We are not going to discuss that. Some other program." But the issue he raised I know from the mail troubles a lot of people—Koppel, you're a Commie. So I had no trouble thinking, Let's digress and answer.' Afterward, Koppel leans against the desk, high as a kite. 'There's nothing like live television,' he says."

It is, to put it kindly, simply ludicrous to report that I "insinuated" that Mr. Koppel was a Communist. Why would I do so? (And how, exactly?) It would be worth quoting the passage in which this was . . . done. Those Flat Earthers who believe what *Esquire* reported are best dealt with, I suppose, by sticking them into a boat and rowing over to the transcript of the evening's discussion. So much for Miss Hennessee's reporting, and *Esquire*'s fact-checking department.

I confess I am equally interested in Miss Hennessee's reporting that Mr. Koppel permits discussions on his program only of positions he has heard "one hundred times before." I hesitate to believe this, having had experience of Mr. Koppel's spontaneity. But that apart, how could it be even hypothetically so? Any issue one has heard discussed one hundred times, one must have heard discussed 99 times before. My impression is that by that time issues become rather more jaded than to qualify for Mr. Koppel's attention. If it is true, as he is quoted as saying, that he has been called by his listeners a Communist one hundred times, then we must develop a much lower view of the intelligence of his listeners than I'd have guessed at or—I should think—he would have.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.



Raeside, *Victoria Times-Colonist*/Rothco

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As Editor of the Politics Page of my college newspaper, it is my duty to attempt to make sense out of what other people say and do. After reading the following statement by Senator Ernest Hollings, appearing in *U.S.A. Today* on December 2, I discovered that making sense out of the senator was beyond my ability. That's where you come in.

Please tell me what the senator is saying:

> *Question (from* U.S.A. Today*):* What would you do about the economy, Senator?
> *Senator Hollings:* I would move to make our economy competitive. We live in a dynamic, very competitive, international economy. Everybody is participating from up in the grandstand, caterwauling about non-applicable terms for free trade, free-trade protectionists, not realizing that the only way is to enter the freeze. Like Roosevelt, to keep the banks open, he closed the doors. In order to remove a barrier, we'll have to raise one and then remove them both. The playing field is on a tilt, and you need your government to level up the playing field. And that's not a bunch of new laws. If you enforce your countervailing duties to trigger price mechanisms, your anti-dumping provisions, and everything else of that kind, you can level up the field—and understand, it's government-to-government enterprise.

As always,
Michael S. Guarnieri
Politics Editor
The Fairfield (Conn.) *Mirror*

Dear Mr. Guarnieri: Senator Hollings is saying that toasted Suzie is his ice cream, and remember, that word-sextet was labeled by Gertrude Stein the most beautiful in the English language. For Democratic presidential hopefuls to deal in meaning is to cater to elitism. Oh, and then you may remember, from John Greenway's book *The American Tradition* (Mason/Charter, New York, 1976), his passage on feminist Elizabeth Gould Davis: "She hates testicles, thus limiting the men she can admire to Democratic candidates for President." Cordially, **—WFB**

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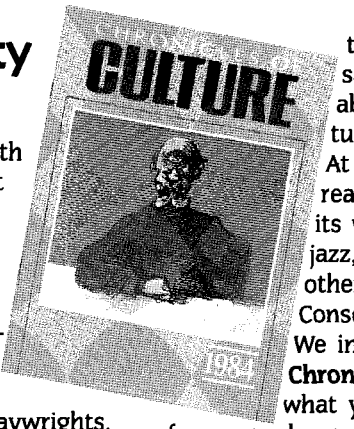

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NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

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THE POLITICS OF THE BUDGET

On February 1, the President will submit his 1985 budget to Congress, and war will officially be declared. In this election year, the budget is as much a political as an economic document, and it will reappear over the next 11 months in various epiphanies. The GOP platform debates in July, for example, will be based on this February budget. Any fiscal fumble on the President's part could result in a political scoring drive by the Democrats. The field of battle has been narrowed to two zones—the deficit and taxes—but the goal of the battle is to control the agenda.

As things stand now, Mr. Reagan controls the fiscal agenda, and this dominance marks a sharp difference from the situation two years ago. When he took office in January 1981, the President commanded the budgetary agenda, as Congress enacted his Economic Recovery Tax Act (ERTA), with its 25 per cent income-tax-rate cut over three years, indexation beginning in 1985, and revised depreciation schedules for business. The President stayed in command until September 1981 when, of a sudden, interest rates shot up and Reaganomics came under attack. Through most of 1982 Mr. Reagan was in retreat, his most ignominious concession being his support of the loathsome TEFRA (Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act), with its $100-billion tax hike over three years. TEFRA was a defensive maneuver designed to lure the Democratic hounds away from the deficit scene.

In 1983, the tide turned, and the economy began roaring back. Leadership triumphs like the Williamsburg summit, Grenada, and the adroit handling of the KAL 007 Soviet mass murder all reinforced the President's control. So, as we move into a new budget cycle, Mr. Reagan has the reins firmly in hand.

The Democrats, of course, will try to grab them back, pointing with horror at $200-billion deficits, a routine not unlike the Mafia complaining about street crime. Shrewdly, however, the Democrats are not *themselves* calling for new taxes.

Instead, they talk vaguely about the need for revenue increases, tax reform, loophole closing. Last year, House Democrats limited their tax efforts to an $8-billion "cats and dogs" (a little here, a little there, a little everywhere) bill, while silly Senate Republicans and Martin Feldstein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, pushed for big tax increases.

The Reagan team, however, will not be such easy quarry. The Democrats aren't the only ones who read the polls, notably Gallup's December survey which says that 70 per cent of the people want deficit reduction by spending cuts, and 16 per cent by tax hikes. So, except for politically meaningless technical tax corrections (loophole closings, etc.), the Administration will almost certainly resist all new taxes in the upcoming budget. "No matter what we propose," says a Reagan insider, "even a contingency tax, it would be targeted by Democrats throughout the campaign. Jim Wright [House Majority Leader] has already been hitting our proposed contingency tax, saying that two-thirds of the increase would be paid by lower- and middle-income taxpayers." Other Reaganites note how severely Walter Mondale criticized John Glenn for suggesting a 10 per cent tax surcharge.

In economic terms, deficits are not pivotal, either. A Treasury study of Wall Street analysts shows that large budget deficits have already been discounted by that community as not significantly consequential to a resurgent economy. Further, on an annualized basis, deficits have now peaked, both in absolute terms and as a percentage of GNP. In fact, they are on their way down, thanks to increased tax receipts owing to the recovery, as well as the lower-than-estimated spending rate.

Deficits are not high because people pay too little in taxes. Deficits are high because Congress spends too much. Rather than talking about tax hikes, we should concentrate on spending cuts, economic recovery, and the need for tax reform: That's the heart of the President's agenda-control strategy. Mr. Reagan is a lot more comfortable attacking Congress for inaction, and for not having the will to cut spending, than Congress is attacking Mr. Reagan for big deficits. The President won't lose votes by proposing spending cuts; he'll lose votes only if he proposes tax increases to pay for Congress's higher spending levels.

Four years ago, the President ran on a platform of cutting taxes and reducing the size of government. To propose new taxes now would amount to a confession of budgetary wrongdoing. Conversely, if the President is to take credit for the current recovery, he has to run on what he accomplished in 1981 under ERTA. If he repudiates ERTA, not once, but twice—i.e., through TEFRA and some new 1984 tax herniation—he will be saying that his own 1981 tax program caused the recession, and that he himself is responsible for big deficits.

What does it boil down to? Watch for the President to propose no new taxes in his 1984 economic message to Congress and moderate-to-small spending cuts—under $10 billion (it being an election year)—and to put the emphasis on ongoing growth, windfall revenue from an exuberant economy, and tax reform (stopping tax cheats) as instruments of deficit reduction. In so doing, the President will continue to hold tight to the reins of our galloping economy. The only way that Ronald Reagan could lose the reins is by giving them away. □

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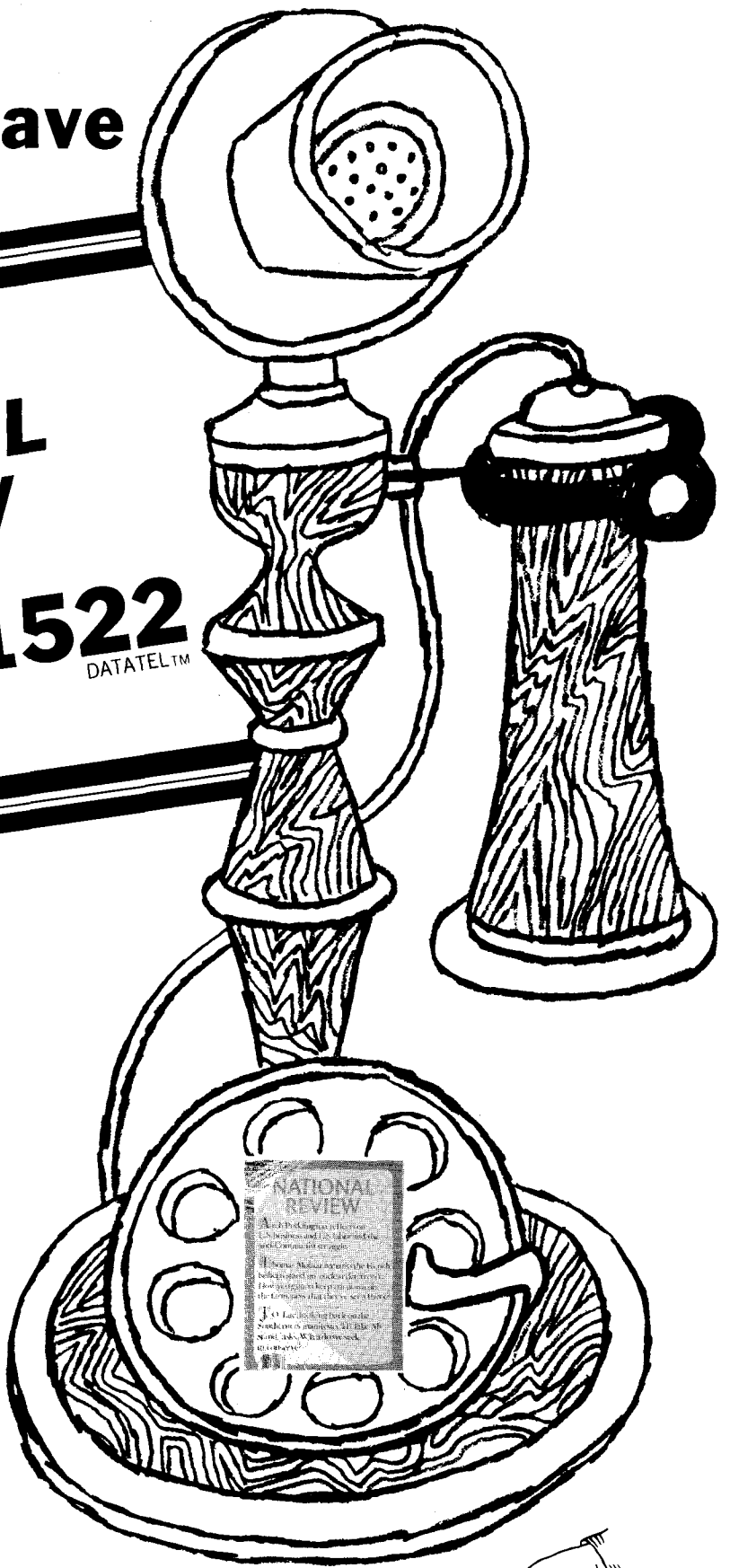

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A BAD YEAR FOR SOVIETS

UNUSUALLY, given the nature of the thematic material, this column will shed a few rays of light in the winter gloom. To sum up in one short sentence: The Soviets have had a bad year. Indeed, one has to go back to the 1970s for gloom of at all comparable magnitude. Between 1970 and 1977, to illustrate the point: A Communist coup was crushed in the Sudan; Soviet-recruited revolutionaries were rounded up in Mexico; Marxist terrorists were smashed in Uruguay; Soviet advisors were expelled from Egypt, and later from Somalia; a Communist coup was foiled in Portugal; the Allende regime was overthrown in Chile; and a pro-Soviet government was ousted in Peru.

Now look at 1983. By far the most important of the reverses, of course, was the Grenada affair—just how important was shown by the documents seized on the island, which the Western press has been curiously reluctant to publish. Another important reverse—in some senses more important, although less fundamental—was the defeat of the "peace" movement in Western Europe, which failed to stop the deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles, and the defeat of the corresponding "freeze" movement in the United States, which failed to block the MX.

Nor was this all. In Afghanistan, despite massive superiority in weapons, the Soviets failed to crush the resistance movement. In Angola and Mozambique, the anti-Communist resistance scored sweeping successes, and went over to the offensive.

Then there were other, more localized, reverses, such as the expulsion of one hundred Cuban "advisors" from Surinam, obviously a direct consequence of the liberation of Grenada; and the expulsion of 18 Soviet "diplomats" from Bangladesh for stirring up anti-government riots.

All this is heartening to the West, or ought to be if Western governments had the sense to realize it. For the sick old man in the Kremlin, the news was bad, all right, and nobody needed to tell him or his colleagues just how bad it was.

Now, the question must be posed: What will the Kremlin gerontocracy do to redress the balance? There are temptations close to home. I suggest two, in particular, as worthy of contingent study: Berlin and Sweden.

In the Caribbean, the U.S. could and did seize the initiative, and there was nothing the Soviets could do to stop the landing. In Berlin, 110 miles inside East German territory, the initiative is necessarily always in Soviet hands. It is perhaps illuminating to compare the present situation with the two major Berlin crises of the past.

All the signs are that Stalin may have thought he could get away with the Berlin blockade, which he imposed in June 1948. Certainly he was riding high. Not long before—on February 25 to be precise—he had pulled off the Prague coup, the prototype of the bloodless takeover in the shadow of Soviet bayonets. Moreover, the U.S. had demobilized with almost indecent haste after World War II. The response, nevertheless, was the inspiring Berlin airlift, and the dictator backed down, having at least tested Allied will to his satisfaction.

In comparison, the Berlin crisis of 1958-59 was largely theater. However, Khrushchev too was riding high, in his way. In June 1957, he had had his main critics—Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich, and Shepilov—expelled from their government and Party posts. In October of the same year, the ebullient man in the Kremlin had basked in the fame and glory of Sputnik I, man's first venture into space.

Once again, though, the Allies stood firm. Khrushchev launched his ultimatum on November 27, 1958. It was a strange one. If, within six months, the Soviets' wartime allies (the U.S., Britain, and France) had not accepted a Soviet plan to proclaim a "free city" of Berlin, under UN supervision, the Soviets would . . . Well, indeed, what would they do? Oust the Western garrisons by force? Start a war? Actually, no, nothing so drastic. If no agreement were reached, the Soviets would simply hand over their responsibilities in East Berlin to the East German authorities.

The aim was to get the Western powers out of West Berlin, but the means were inappropriate. So the deadline for the ultimatum came and went, and nothing much happened. Learning his lesson, Khrushchev did something far more dramatic, effective, and indeed decisive a couple of years later when the infamous Berlin Wall was built.

Berlin? Sweden?

THIS TIME around, Andropov and his colleagues could be thinking that with a weak conservative government in Bonn, they might, just possibly, get away with something dramatic in Berlin. From the Western point of view, the lesson of the earlier crises is plain. If anything happens, stand firm.

Sweden is another danger spot. Not long ago, the leading afternoon paper, *Aftonbladet* (which, please note, is *left-wing*), came out unexpectedly with details of the training of the Soviet Special Forces (Spetsnaz) and even alleged that a contingent was already in Sweden. The Spetsnaz are trained in sabotage and assassination and carefully selected for linguistic skills and the ability to merge with the local population. The Soviet press has been full of strange attacks on Sweden.

And, a point to remember, Sweden is supposedly neutral and unprotected by NATO. That is perhaps all that can usefully be said at this time. □

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WILL THE HOOVER DEPRESSION HIT STANFORD?

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

AT THE OUTSET of this report on the guerrilla war that was declared against the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace last spring by a Stanford University faculty-student alliance, let me state the obvious:

1. In the last two decades, the attack on academic freedom on the American campus has come primarily, if not exclusively, from the liberal-left sector.

2. This attempt to subvert academic freedom has sometimes succeeded, for two reasons: first, because of the support, overt, covert, or cowardly, of university administrations seeking to avoid "trouble"; and, second, because of the "neutralism" of the rest of the campus.

In the last 15 years, we have seen great American universities shut down for days and weeks on end; we have seen students attempt to veto faculty appointments or promotions on grounds of ideology, sex, color, or surname; we have seen faculty members declare that certain issues can no longer be publicly debated; we have seen duly invited outside lecturers barred from campus appearances by threats of violence and disruption. Ambassador Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, a distinguished scholar-diplomat, political scientist, and teacher, was prevented from speaking at Smith, Barnard, and Berkeley last spring, while Soviet delegations of "scholars" are given free rein on American campuses.

The most recent target of the American academic Left's campaign to intimidate and dominate great American universities is the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace. The target, however, refused to connive in the loss of its own independence. Rather, it exemplified the cynical French saying: *Cet animal est méchant; quand on l'attaque, il se défend.*

The strategic objective of the anti-Hoover campaign was to pressure the Stanford administration and trustees to snatch from the Hoover Institution its longstanding autonomy, not because the institution had failed in its academic obligations but because it had succeeded all too well. After all, how many academic institutions in the U.S., or anywhere else, can boast in their assembly of associated scholars five Nobel Prize-winners and almost forty fellows or members of the National Academy of Sciences, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, American Association for the Advancement of Science, and National Academy of Education?

The attack on Hoover was mounted by the 84 (out of 1,200) faculty members who signed a petition demanding that Stanford University sever its sixty-year-old contractual relationship with the Hoover Institution. The assault was beaten back after almost six months of battle, but not before the institution's scholarly credentials had been sullied by a campaign of slander, ad hominisms, innuendo, and demagoguery, all in the name of academic purity, academic objectivity, and a supposedly insatiable academic hunger after truth.

What was astonishing was that for weeks after the petition was circulated, its sponsors refused to make public the names of the signatories because, they said, they had not *told* the signatories their names would be made public. The university and the academic senate steering committee nevertheless accepted this "no-name" petition as bona-fide. After weeks of pressure, the sponsors finally made public most of the names, although eight of them still remain secret.

Imagine, if you can, the uproar if a centrist student-faculty organization were to circulate a campus petition demanding that an "Institute of Marxist Studies" (one exists at New York University) be separated from the university on the grounds that it is little more than a propaganda organization with no claim to scholarship. And imagine if the signers of such a petition refused to allow their names to be made public, and if the university's academic senate and board of trustees took up the charges on the basis of anonymous denunciations. Write your own scenario about such an event—if your imagination can conceive the possibility of such an attack on a Marxist institution today.

II.

I can write about the Hoover Institution with personal knowledge. I am now in my second term as a visiting scholar. I have neither experienced myself nor heard of any other Hoover fellow or visiting scholar experiencing pressure of any sort from anybody at Hoover. The institu-

Mr. Beichman is a visiting scholar at the Hoover Institution. His most recent book is Andropov: New Challenge to the West, *published by Stein and Day.*

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Why the attempt to have Stanford take over the Hoover Institution? The answer becomes obvious when you read the anti-Hoover propaganda: President Reagan's admiration for the Hoover Institution and the aura of conservatism around its corporate identity

tion is what any scholar wants: magnificent research and library facilities, including Stanford's great libraries; support services; afternoon senior-common-room sessions that must be the longest-running seminar in the country. Above all, there is the freedom to write and speak as one pleases; or *not* to write or speak but just to sit and think; in short, to be left alone—and no classroom responsibilities. The leisure of the theory classes, indeed! Except that the scholarly output of the Hoover fellows is wide-ranging, continuous, and highly influential. And that—for the liberal-left—is the rub: *influential.*

It was at Hoover that I met and became friends with Mikhail Bernstam, a Russian scholar-dissident exiled from the USSR. It was a providential meeting, because we subsequently collaborated on a political biography of Yuri V. Andropov. Without the incredibly rich Hoover archives the book would have taken a lot longer than four months to write. The book's introduction was by Robert Conquest, a senior research fellow at Hoover.

The publications that flow from Hoover scholars are recognized, even by the Left, as being of a high order. Hoover's library and archival holdings are a treasure house. Why then the attempted lynching of Hoover? Why the attempt to have Stanford take over the institution? The answer becomes obvious when you read the anti-Hoover propaganda: President Reagan's admiration for the Hoover Institution and the aura of conservatism around Hoover's corporate identity—not its scholarship or its publications—figure largely in it. Yet the Hoover Institution has never taken a public position on public issues; its scholars have, as individuals, but by no means do the senior fellows have a single political affiliation. As a general policy, Hoover does no contract research for government or any other organized body, although it did do some, more than ten years ago.

Professor Sidney Hook, the philosopher, a lifelong socialist and currently a member of Social-Democrats U.S.A., said in a letter to Stanford President Donald Kennedy that after ten years as a Hoover fellow he had "found a broader spectrum of thought among my colleagues at Hoover than I found among my colleagues at NYU and, from what I have been able to infer from reading and occasional meetings, at Stanford itself.

"It is my considered judgment," he continued, "that my colleagues at Hoover taken as a group, regardless of the character and color of their beliefs, compare favorably with the standards of achievement reached by the faculties of our foremost institutions of higher education."

The Hoover Institution philosophy, in my opinion, is exemplified in the words of the late Fritz Machlup. In opposing the issuance of a political statement by the Princeton University faculty, of which he was a distinguished member, Machlup said: "The point is that the institution or its faculty as a body has no brain and no heart and should have no mouth either; the members of the institution *as individuals* have all these organs and have a moral obligation to use them freely in defense of what they consider right."

President Reagan has many friends and admirers at Hoover. So did Jimmy Carter and John Anderson. Professor Seymour Martin Lipset, one of the adornments of both Stanford and Hoover, where he is a senior fellow (Professor Lipset voted for Anderson in the last election), did a political survey a few months ago of the 25 permanent Hoover fellows, the core group. The results: Democrats, 11; Republicans, 10; independents, 3; not a citizen, 1.

Stanford Law Professor John Kaplan, in dealing with the alleged partisanship of Hoover, said: "It is hard to know what standard of balance one should use; but if the general mood of the country is the standard, it is hard to say that the Hoover Institution is more unbalanced to the right than the rest of the university is to the left."

Or as Eric Hoffer once said in a PBS broadcast (Jan. 17, 1977): "It is maintained that a society is free only when dissenting minorities have room to throw their weight around. As a matter of fact, a dissenting minority feels free only when it can impose its will on the majority; what it abominates most is the dissent of the majority."

III.

Now for the details of the indictment of the Hoover Institution as drawn up by Professor John Manley, a Stanford political scientist. The bill of particulars contained three points:

1. "The Hoover Institution is a political organization . . ."
2. "Its ties to the Reagan Administration are extensive . . ."
3. "It [therefore] embroils Stanford in partisan politics . . ."

After weeks of savage attacks upon Hoover, Stanford President Donald Kennedy finally intervened. Kennedy (appointed by President Carter in 1977 as director of the Food and Drug Administration) concluded that "although a number of things they do [at Hoover] come out as reflecting a conservative political stance, I would say that they are not partisan." Speaking before an alumni association conference, Kennedy said: "Political body-counting, which has become kind of a feature of the present debate, is not a terribly important or useful thing on which to concentrate. Indeed, consideration of those matters is not only improper under our own perceptions of academic freedom but plays its own role in turning the discussion into one that is unnecessarily strident on both sides."

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When Stanford's leftists, as represented by Manley and his associate, Professor Ronald Rebholz of the English Department, found it difficult to show that the Hoover scholars were raving right-wingers, they tried another gambit. Sure there are outstanding nonconservative scholars at Hoover, they conceded, such as Lipset, Alex Inkeles, and James March, but—as education professor Henry Levin argued—such faculty were nothing more than "institutional window-dressing," dupes, patsies who were allowing themselves to be used.

The same no-win scenario was set up by the Manley-Rebholz faction in discussing Hoover finances. Hoover last year received $2.6 million from Stanford to fund its extraordinary archives and library. Hoover controls its own $9.3-million budget, 40 per cent of which comes from corporate and individual gifts. The Manley-Rebholz faction made it appear as if Stanford University were contributing huge sums to Hoover. Professor Lipset replied:

> The Hoover Institution does not receive any moneys from Stanford's operating or endowment funds other than the $2.6 million assigned for its library, which is integrated with the other university libraries. All of Hoover's remaining funds for administration and research either come from annual gifts for its ongoing activities or are taken from Hoover's endowment income. The Hoover endowment, moneys donated specifically for Hoover, is administered as part of the Stanford endowment, much like moneys given for chairs or other research organizations.
>
> The confusion about this arises from the fact that since Hoover is part of the university, all of its funds are handled by Stanford, and the allocations appear in the university budget.

After so clear an explanation of Hoover-Stanford budget policies, you'd think, well, that's that. Oh, no. The Manley-Rebholz duumvir had a new bill of particulars. Not, mind you, any facts, any data—just questions. Professor Manley now asked about the "millions of dollars from sources that go to Hoover: Who gives this money, why do they give it, and who decides how it's used?" Since it had been demonstrated that Hoover was not milking Stanford, the Manley-Rebholz team had switched tactics and was raising new suspicions of malefactors of great wealth who needed to be exposed. Professor Manley was really undertaking a "witchhunt by question"—such as:

". . . would those who supply this money continue to do so if Hoover were in fact nonpartisan?"

"But what about an institution that receives and dispenses millions of dollars? Just because that institution does not take formal positions on issues, does this make it nonpolitical? Perhaps. But we doubt it."

"Are we to believe that because Hoover contains some Democrats—perhaps even some liberal Democrats—that it is a pluralist institution without any discernible political leanings?"

"Are we to believe that Hoover, with its millions of dollars from outside sources, and its overt political connections, is nothing more than a tall archive? . . . Do we want to be associated with such an organization?"

Peter Duignan, a senior fellow at Hoover and director of its African Studies program, replied to this smear campaign:

> Consider the record of some militant Stanford faculty and student activists during and since the Vietnam War. Riots, sit-ins, demonstrations, occupation of the president's office, storming and firing of Hoover buildings, intimidation of conservatives, refusing to let invited guests speak, periodic calls for the U.S. [to get] out of El Salvador, support of the Sandinistas, a committee to investigate companies doing business in South Africa —but not one demonstration or sit-in over Cambodia, Cuban refugees, boat people, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, no petitions or letters to get the Soviets and Cubans out of Angola.

And he was not the only Stanford figure to raise the question of intellectual honesty among the anti-Hooverites. Professor Alphonse Juilland, chairman of the French and Italian Departments, who circulated a counterpetition that received 145 faculty signatures (as against 84 for the Manley-Rebholz petition), said that the allegations that Hoover is "politicizing the life of the university . . . come from the most political people on the campus, who never missed a single opportunity to politicize academic life.

"These are the people," said Juilland, "who 15 years ago tried to rewrite academic programs and requirements along political lines in the name of relevance, of reconstituting the university. They flooded the departments with political motions." (It was noted that a large number of the anti-Hoover petitioners had signed a 1971 petition asking Stanford to reinstate H. Bruce Franklin, a militant Stalinist-Maoist faculty member, after he was suspended *not* for his political opinions but for committing—and inciting students to commit—acts of terrorism. Legitimacy, clearly, is in the eye of the liberal-left beholder.)

One item adduced as evidence against the institution was something President Hoover wrote in 1959: "The purpose of this institution must be, by its research and publications, to demonstrate the evils of the doctrines of Karl Marx—whether Communism, socialism, economic materialism, or atheism—thus to protect the American way of life from such ideologies, their conspiracies, and to reaffirm the validity of the American system." Allegedly that quotation

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The real battle began when a proposal was made a year ago to establish at Stanford a Ronald Reagan library, museum, and policy-research center, a triad of institutions for Reagan's presidential archives

proves the bias of the Hoover Institution. Yet one of the permanent scholars at the institution is the publisher of the Marxist quarterly *Politics and Society* and a specialist in British Labour Party affairs. President Hoover was expressing a hope, but that's not the way it turned out.

The danger to academic freedom posed by the kind of con-game practiced by left-liberal campus politicians was pointed out by Sidney Hook in a letter to Stanford President Donald Kennedy: "To single out Hoover for investigation because of the presence of some outstanding conservative thinkers among its fellows could very well establish a precedent for investigation of other disciplines and departments at Stanford University because of the *absence* of conservative thinkers among them. Where the life of the mind is concerned such political epithets are irrelevant."

IV.

On May 26, 1983, the faculty senate voted overwhelmingly for a nonpartisan review of the relationship between Stanford and the Hoover Institution. The senate urged the appointment of a committee "to explore and reassess the relations between the Hoover Institution and the university, including governance and appointment procedures, with the goal of promoting more effective and cooperative relations." So far as I can find out there has never been a hint of scandal about any appointment to the Hoover Institution. Appointments in the past have been approved by the university and the university president, as they must be. But now, for no apparent reason other than the "no-name" petition, there is felt to be a need for a five-member committee to watch over Hoover. Three members of the committee also sit on Hoover's board of overseers, to be sure—but why a committee in the first place when no valid accusations have been made?

There is nothing wrong per se in organizing a trustees' committee to look over the shoulder of any part of a university, whether a Hoover Institution or a teaching department. But the circumstances under which the present permanent committee was appointed—i.e., following a smear campaign against the institution—have created a public impression that there is something which needs investigating. Imagine if the Stanford trustees were to establish a permanent committee to watch over Stanford's Department of Political Science or its School of Education.

V.

The Hoover-Stanford relationship began nearly 65 years ago, on June 20, 1919, when the then-Director General of War Relief, Herbert Hoover, offered Stanford $50,000 (later upped by $100,000) to purchase source documents dealing with World War I and the Bolshevik Revolution. Hoover was devoted to Stanford, having been a member of its first graduating class in 1895. The backbone of the Hoover collection was the purchase between 1920 and 1922 of some 25,000 volumes and sixty thousand documents and newspapers both from the czarist period and from the time of the Revolution and the civil war. Today the Hoover Library contains more than a million and a half volumes and almost 4,500 archival units.

The Russian collection contains the only complete set of czarist secret-police records remaining, since the Bolsheviks, on taking power, destroyed most of these records that were kept in St. Petersburg. A duplicate set used by czarist agents in Paris to keep track of Lenin and other revolutionaries was found and given to Herbert Hoover before it could be claimed by the new Soviet government.

The acquisitions grew so rapidly that they became a library in their own right, which, in 1922, was named the Hoover War Library. At the end of World War II, President Hoover raised funds to continue acquisitions in Europe and Asia. After several name changes, the institution's present name was adopted in 1957.

Two years later, the Stanford Board of Trustees, with the approval of Herbert Hoover himself, then aged 85 (he died in 1964 at the age of ninety), appointed as director the man who helped to make the institution what it is today—Glenn Campbell. Campbell had been research director of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and of the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research. A Harvard graduate in economics and, for a short period, a member of the Harvard faculty, Campbell expanded the horizons of the institution from international and foreign-policy research to include domestic-policy research as well. In doing that, he increased its endowment from $2 million to $70 million. Support for visiting and staff research fellows and the Hoover Press comes from endowment income and unrestricted gifts. The institution has expanded into two new buildings, one of which was built with federal funds appropriated in 1975 as a memorial to President Hoover. Today, the Hoover Institution is the largest of its kind and the country's most influential public-policy establishment with a university connection.

VI.

And now we come to the serious campaign against Hoover. What happened last spring and summer is best described as preliminary skirmishing.

The real battle, and it is ongoing, began when a proposal was made a year ago to establish at Stanford a Ronald Reagan library, museum, and policy-research center, a triad of institutions for Reagan's presidential archives (those dating from his days as governor of California and from the 1980 campaign are already at Hoover) and for scholarly research on matters of public policy. The pro-

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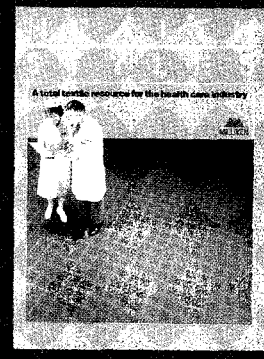

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posal made by the Hoover Institution had the full support of President Reagan.

When the proposal came before the university last fall, the liberal-left took off the gloves: Gone were the genteel vocabulary of academe, lofty concerns about university integrity, citations of moral imperatives and ethical laws; there were no more amiable concessions as to the Hoover Institution's scholarly credentials, clauses always followed by "but . . ."

A faculty committee sent out a round-robin notice asking anybody with a Stanford connection for an opinion about the Reagan complex coming to Stanford. Many faculty replies were favorable, some cautiously so. But among those that were unfavorable were opinions expressed in language that bordered on a level of paranoid hate about Reagan comparable to the rhetoric about John F. Kennedy in pre-assassination Texas.

Here are the words of Denise Levertov, poet and English professor, published in the university's official campus paper: "Since I feel contempt, fear, and rage in respect to President Reagan, I would be sorry to see this collection come to Stanford whatever its historical value. . . . If Reagan continues in his usual course, it is in fact unlikely that there will be a future in which history can be recalled and studied."

Professor of English Lucio Rutolo said that to bring the Reagan complex to Stanford "would increase our national reputation as a bastion of right-wing politics."

Assistant Professor of Classics John Winkler: "The picture is clearly one of wealthy conservative benefactors spending lavishly to promote the education of schoolchildren in cold-war cowboyism and scholars who are three-piece-suited to the interests of the Hoover Institution."

Professor Barry R. Tharp of the Medical School: "I do not believe that Stanford University should in any way associate itself with an Administration that has such an abysmal record on human rights, women, minorities, and Central America."

Art Professor Albert Elsen: "Stanford is already the repository of the papers of one undistinguished American President. We don't need another, especially one who has done more to harm American education than any other in our history. . . . Acceptance of the Reagan complex would only be read as our approval of Reagan and what he stands for. We would be betraying all American universities by such an acceptance."

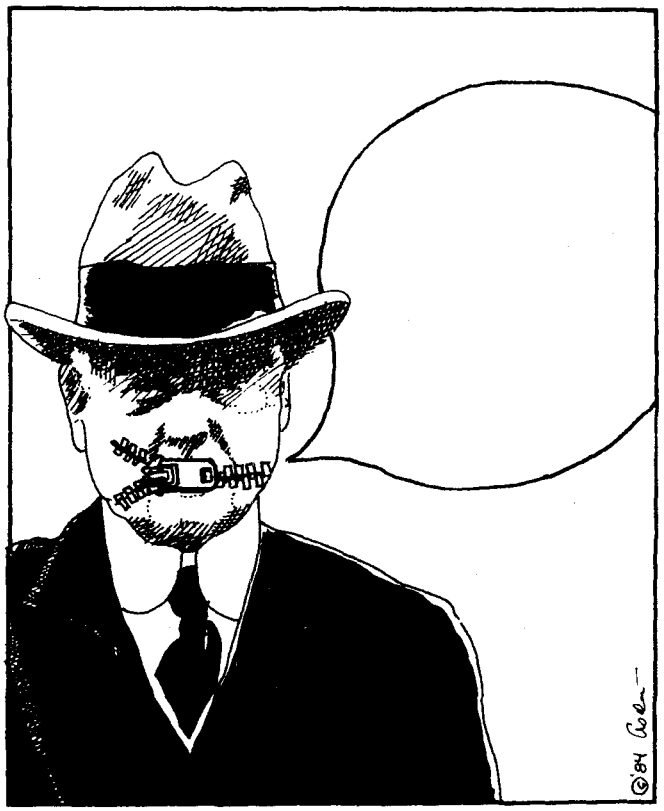
Perhaps the clearest political statement of advanced left-liberal thought came from Lise Giraud, a Stanford librarian: "This complex, as envisioned, would be nothing more than a shrine to a man who history . . . will most likely view as a President whose Administration set social progress back by at least a generation, who was against blacks, against women, merciless toward the disadvantaged, benighted toward the environment, and in blatant support of every dirty regime on the globe guilty of oppressing its own people."

Let me be clear. I am citing these comments not because they are necessarily typical. What they tell us is something of the level of debate at Stanford and what the debate about the Hoover and now the Reagan complex is really all about. It is about the refusal to accept the fact that a candidate who rejected the left-liberal agenda that dominated American politics for a score of years was elected President of the United States. Fighting the Reagan complex is a way of getting even. To many thousands of academicians in this country, some of them at Stanford, the 1980 election was simply illegitimate. That a majority of American voters elected Ronald Reagan is no matter. "Unclean! Unclean!" is the cry. If there were some way to expunge from history the existence of Ronald Reagan and the shameful term of his Presidency—if it were possible to burn all the papers, the documents, the news reports about his Presidency—one feels that these academics would welcome it.

The entire construction costs of the Reagan complex would be paid for with privately raised funds. When completed, the library and the museum would become part of the national-archive system. Thus operating costs and staffing would be funded by the Federal Government. The center for public-policy research would be funded by endowment, and by Hoover Institution fundraising.

Location of a presidential library at Stanford would make it possible for scholars there to use the national-archive system as well as the resources of other presidential libraries. The related policy center would encourage advanced study in public affairs. There are many advantages for scholars in the proposed complex, but such is the power of the left-liberal fraction of the Stanford faculty that some other California university may obtain this academic treasure trove.

There are genuine matters of dispute between President Reagan and the Hoover Institution, on the one side, and the Stanford trustees, on the other, as to how the Reagan library/museum/policy center should be administered. But the frenzied, bare-knuckle attack by the Stanford liberal-left has so violated the canons of academic discourse that it is hard to believe that any compromise could be reached, even with the best of intentions. □



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OPEN LETTER TO JESSE JACKSON

PRESIDENT REAGAN put it best: "You don't argue with success." And so along with most of the American people I am happy that Lieutenant Goodman is free and reunited with his loved ones. It was great theater, showcasing a historic event rich in significance on many levels. Everybody was beautiful: you and your entourage, Lieutenant Goodman and his courageous family, Assad and his men. It began with the drama of the long wait in Damascus and ended with the ceremony in the Rose Garden by an upstaged but game Reagan Administration.

To Reverend Jackson, the moral leader of the humanitarian mission, I say, "Right on." To Jesse Jackson, the ruthless politician on the make, I say, "No way." I strongly believe you should be arrested and prosecuted for what you have done. At the very least, Congress should pass a resolution censuring your cynical, irresponsible gambit. And the Democratic Party should repudiate your candidacy. The American people must nip this sort of excess in the bud or it will come back to haunt us. Jesse, you have declared many times that you are not a politician but a prophet. Well, if we want our own ayatollah, we have him.

No one can believe that you dealt with Syria solely in humanitarian concern for Goodman's welfare. Obviously, you were playing politics, pretending you were more concerned about Goodman than the President was, and that you had connections that made you more effective in obtaining his release. This is extravagant, sophomoric exuberance, born of a terrible alienation from power, admirable in cheerleaders and agitators, but a fatal flaw in a would-be statesman.

Extragovernmental diplomacy is a process which you, along with many others in the black movement, myself included, used to great advantage for progress. Indeed, lobbying for the support of international public opinion is a respectable tradition—resorted to in pursuit of redress of grievances by people the world over. Our own Abolitionists lobbied the world for the termination of the slave trade and the abolition of slavery; W. E. B. DuBois convened a historic series of Pan-African conferences, which laid the foundation for national liberation in black Africa; and Malcolm X elevated our civil-rights movement to the level of human rights. Still, a line must be drawn. In the present case, you weren't lobbying against injustice. You were running for President.

Your attempt to inject civil-rights-movement tactics into the arena of international diplomacy, especially as it relates to the life-and-death struggle between Communism and democracy, is a woeful error.

If you are putting yourself forward as the quintessential expression of "black politics," instead of simply a man, who is also black, running for President, then you are stepping on a whole lot of tender toes, creating a situation where even black people must oppose your tactics, in order to rescue their "blackness" from your dim politics.

Many blacks vehemently disagree with both the form and content of some of your actions. Your proclivity for flying off half-cocked on ego-tripping gambits restrains even the widow of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. —the man whose mantle you claim to have inherited—from supporting your candidacy. You need to go back into the woodshed for a season, and get your stuff together before letting it all hang out. Maybe you should purge the ranks of your advisors, many of whom are unreconstructed Sixties radicals, U.S. haters, ex-SNCC racists, and outright pro-Communists, like my congressman, Ron Dellums.

You have just played your race card, which has always been the ace of spades up your sleeve. It has always worked. But it means you are still a prisoner of color in your view of the world. This is one of the most challenging problems facing America today—an identity crisis in the vanguard of the political leadership of one of its most volatile and strategically placed peoples. Coupled with your Third World worship, your attempt to employ Third World tactics of playing one power off against the other is a very dangerous ploy.

YOU PREMISED your Damascus adventure on the most provocative pretext: that somehow our President and his representatives did not care enough about Lieutenant Goodman to work for his release. The clear implication is that the Administration didn't bother about Goodman's case because he is black. This is a dangerous postulate. You have advanced it, and I predict that it will come back to haunt you. Other black men and women in the Marines and other branches of our military will resent this implication. The families of those black Marines who have lost their lives in Lebanon will likewise resent your making light of the blood of their loved ones, as your rhetoric tends to strip their deaths of all value and meaning. And, finally, the American people are going to resent a cheap publicity stunt, diverting our national resources and machinery of state, crudely using the sacrifices of our fighting men and women as chips in the bargain.

Yours for Peace and Justice,
Eldridge Cleaver

Mr. Cleaver, author of Soul on Ice, *is a candidate for Congress from California's 8th Congressional District. He is running as a conservative independent against Representative Ronald Dellums in the 1984 general election.*

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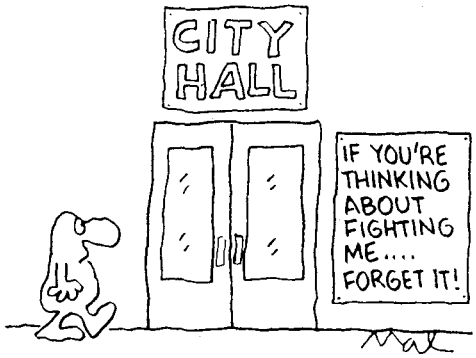
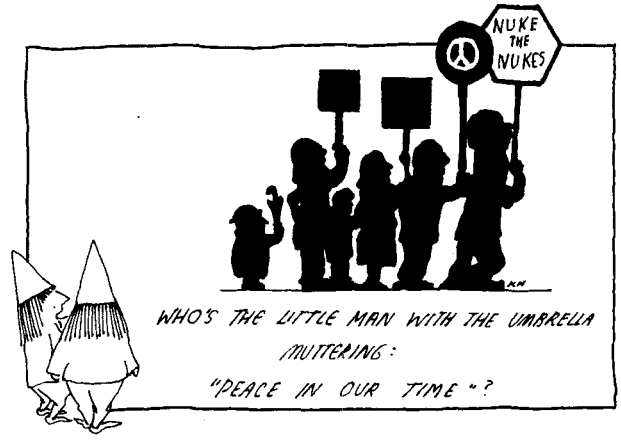
A Helpful Suggestion

The average income's sixteen thou;
A hundred million-plus have jobs;
But bleating liberals still vow
More millions for the hungry mobs.
If, having lifted every rock,
They fail to find one starving waif,
Calcutta might provide a shock—
Though most would call the place unsafe.

W. H. von Dreele





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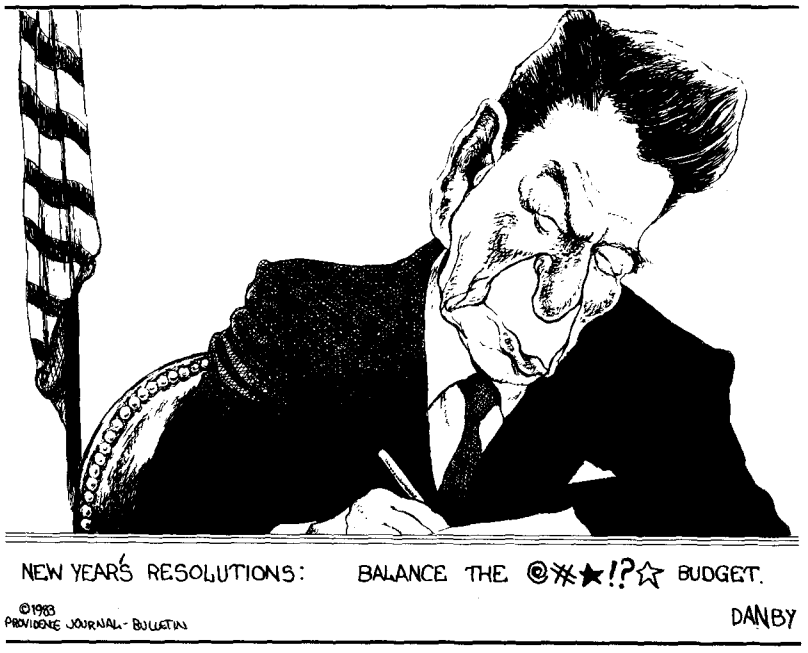

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BABY JANE DOE

I. The Legal Dilemma

BABY JANE DOE was born in a Stony Brook, New York, hospital, microcephalous, with spina bifida and other serious handicaps. Physicians predicted that with various surgical procedures she might live for twenty years. She would remain mentally retarded, incontinent, partially paralyzed, and probably epileptic. Without surgery she might live two years in the same condition.

The parents declined the surgery, thus limiting her lifespan to two years. The parental decision was overruled by a New York trial court, but upheld by higher New York courts. Whereupon the U.S. Government requested the hospital records to determine whether Baby Jane Doe's rights had been violated, and whether the medical decisions made in the hospital were correct, claiming that, as a federal grantee, the hospital must surrender the records. The hospital refused, on the basis of various privacy laws. The matter is pending, and will be for a while, since the losing party will appeal the federal trial court's decision.

The parental decision and the subsequent legal proceedings raise a host of issues. Usually parents have had a right to decide on medical procedures for their minor children. But abuses of parental discretion can occur. Courts have overruled parents when, following their religious convictions, they would jeopardize the life of their otherwise normal minor children by disregarding medical advice. Courts also have allowed minors to have abortions and to be fitted with contraceptives without parental consent. The Baby Jane Doe case, however, poses a different question: Can parents decide to shorten the prospective lifespan of seriously handicapped neonates by declining medical procedures, and under what conditions can they do so? So far the courts have given the power to decline medical procedures to the parents of minors, unless there were flagrant abuses, or the minors were thought competent to decide for themselves.

The alternatives to parental decision-making power are not inviting. There are three:

1. Life under all circumstances must be prolonged by all means. No medical procedure that promises to prolong life under whatever conditions can be declined. We do not currently require implementation of such a principle for any patient, or guardian, and there is no reason to require it of babies or parents.

2. The decision should be taken from the parents and left in the hands of physicians. But the decision is not a medical but an ethical one, and physicians have no special competence to make it.

3. The decision should be left to government officials or courts. They too are not guided by generally accepted principles that cover all cases. Moreover, their decision-making process would be cumbersome and litigious, the outcome unlikely to be preferable to parental decision-making.

Parents are likely to be more directly involved than any authority can be. This leads to greater concern and, one may hope, thoughtful decisions. On the other hand the greater involvement may make the decision less disinterested and, possibly, more responsive to the parental interest than to that of the child. Still, since the alternatives are uninviting one would hesitate to replace the parental authority except where clearly abused, i.e., used in ways obviously contrary to the child's interest. Refusing a procedure likely to cure a sick but otherwise normal child with little risk may be such abuse. Refusing a procedure that at best will prolong a vegetative life may be right or wrong according to one's moral view, but it is hardly an abuse: It is not a decision obviously contrary to the infant's interest, to the social interest, or to generally accepted moral principles.

Her Best Interests

REGARDLESS of who makes it—what decision should be made? Everyone agrees that the interest of the infant who cannot speak for himself should be paramount (as would be the interest of a person who became incompetent later in life). What is that interest? The infant cannot tell. Thus we must speculate.

If Baby Jane Doe could understand and rationally consider the alternatives would she want to choose twenty years of misery rather than two? Surely a competent adult, considering a similar prospect for himself, in the future, would ask his physicians not to prolong his misery. Wherein does the interest of the infant differ? The language of rights is dangerous here. The putative "right" of the infant to prolong a vegetative and probably painful life amounts to the right, or alleged duty, of others to compel the infant to stay alive contrary to her own best interest.

There is controversy about the "right to life" of the conceived but as yet unborn. The controversy is about whether their claim to life is as valid as that of persons already born. No one questions that if the unborn are born they should have a chance to live an ordinary life. An ordinary life is held to be a good that people defend and are loath to give up. Baby Jane Doe confronts us with quite a different question. She was born, but it became clear immediately that she could not live an ordinary life, but instead would grow up unable to take care of herself throughout a limited

Mr. van den Haag is John M. Olin Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham University in New York.

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lifespan of suffering. It seems immoral to me to prolong artificially such a hopeless existence. Nature itself limits it. We should not interfere beyond making the baby as comfortable as we can and providing for ordinary needs. Heroic measures to prolong the baby's life involve our heroism at the baby's expense—for there is no reason to believe that the baby would want to prolong her life by heroic measures, if she could rationally decide.

Law and morality have long distinguished between a) omitting extraordinary acts (e.g., surgery) to prolong a lifespan—something I think justified in cases such as Baby Jane Doe's; b) omitting more ordinary acts (e.g., artificial feeding); c) omitting altogether ordinary acts (e.g., normal feeding); and d) committing acts to shorten or stop a lifespan. The last certainly is homicide; and omitting ordinary feeding does come uncomfortably close.

Fortunately, the case of Baby Jane Doe does not involve any act of commission. The parents simply have withheld endorsement of extraordinary procedures to prolong a life that could not be regarded as a good. I believe they were entitled to make their decision, and in their place I should have made the same decision.

Perhaps a more radical decision to reduce Baby Jane Doe's lifespan further could be justified. But it would raise legal and moral doubts that I feel unable to resolve at the present time. Wherefore I cannot blame the parents for confining themselves to the decision that they could clearly justify. I can see no reason for third parties to interfere with their decision.

—Ernest van den Haag

II. The Human Dimension

The boy lies on his side in a bed in the full-treatment area of the Southbury Training School, a Connecticut state school for the retarded. He breathes, but as far as I can tell, he is not aware of his surroundings. I confess that I stand back in horror, while Dr. Paul Bruch strokes the boy's back affectionately. "He was born with hydrocephalus, in Europe, and apparently the doctors there thought he wouldn't live more than a couple of years, so they didn't perform surgery to drain fluid from his head. It just kept growing. He's now twenty years old. When he has to be moved, it takes two people to lift him, one to hold his head, the other to hold his body. This is why, even if there were no hope at all for Baby Jane Doe as a person, I would perform surgery—to make things easier for the people who will be taking care of her." Would this boy have been less retarded if the surgery had been done? "Perhaps. There's no way of knowing now."

No way of knowing. A storm of controversy on the national scene revolves around other unknowns. Baby Jane Doe, a little girl in University Hospital in Stony Brook, New York, is the center of an argument over what is known about her medical condition, what it is possible to know, and who has the right to know it. Meanwhile the public has heard confused and incomplete reports about the case, and knows few of the legal or the medical facts.

Where Are the Records?

The legal history has been complicated by the existence of two separate issues. First, after the baby's parents refused surgery for her, Lawrence Washburn, a lawyer acting privately, sued to force the doctors to operate. He won the case in a lower court, but lost on appeal. Then the Federal Government sought the baby's records, to find out whether she was a victim of discriminatory treatment. It had made similar requests to 48 other hospitals since the previous April. Unlike all the other hospitals, Stony Brook refused to disclose the baby's records. The government then sued, lost its case in a federal district court, and is now appealing the ruling. Dr. C. Everett Koop, the Surgeon General, explained the government's position on *Face the Nation*: ". . . two different surgeons said different things. One said, 'Operate. Operate now.' One said, 'Don't operate. Don't operate at all.' I think when you have that kind of a difference of opinion, there ought to be an independent review, there ought to be a third opinion."

Because the hospital has refused to open the baby's records, information on her condition is largely drawn from a trial transcript of October 19, in which Dr. George Newman, the attending physician, and his superior, Dr. Albert Butler, testified. The information commonly published has been extremely selective, sometimes distorted. Generally the press has reported that Jane Doe would be severely retarded, with a maximum life expectancy of twenty years even if surgery were performed, that she would be completely paralyzed and experience a great deal of pain. Yet none of these predictions is supported by the transcript.

The baby was born with hydrocephalus, an excess of fluid in the head. She was also born with spina bifida, a failure of the spine to close properly, so that she is left with an open sac on her spine. There has apparently been some brain malformation as well, and there were reports that, in spite of the hydrocephalus, her head was somewhat smaller than average—31 centimeters, where the bottom of the normal range is 32 centimeters.

There are two surgical operations under consideration for Baby Jane Doe. The hydrocephalus could be treated with a shunt procedure—the insertion of a tube that allows excess fluid to drain from the head into another body cavity. And the open sac on her spine could be surgically closed over to reduce the possibility of infection, although paralysis would continue below the lesion on the spine. Both procedures would make caring for the baby much easier. The controversial point is that the second would also help the baby live longer. Without the treatment, Dr. Butler testified, "the likelihood of death would be something in excess of 50 per cent" within the first two years—although the baby might go on to live a long life.

The prediction that, with surgery, Baby Jane might only live twenty years is a distortion of Dr. Newman's testimony in the trial. A cross-examiner asked how long the baby's life might be if surgery were performed. Dr. Newman answered, "There is really no way of placing a limit on it if the surgery is performed." The examiner pursued the question: "Could it conceivably be twenty years?" and Dr. Newman replied, "Yes." The prediction of a pain-filled life is a similar distortion. Dr. Newman was questioned about the extent of Baby Jane's cognitive ability, and, after saying that she would not be able to experience joy, sadness, or other emotions, he said it

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Miss Washington is an associate editor of National Review.

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was likely that she would react to painful stimuli. He also testified that she would experience pain in the lower back due to occasional kidney infections. Dr. Bruch of the Southbury Training School points out, however, that "one of the chief difficulties in treating people who have some paralysis is that they have no feeling in the paralyzed limbs. That is why they are so susceptible to injuries and infections—they aren't aware that anything is going wrong."

Press accounts have generally reported that Baby Jane would be completely "bedridden." The extent of her paralysis is, however, unclear; even the trial account is contradictory. In direct testimony Dr. Newman, who had advised against surgery, said that Jane Doe's life "would consist of lying in bed, being fed probably by bottle," and that, in addition to the lower-body paralysis, the child's upper arms were spastic. Later in the trial Dr. Butler testified that, according to early medical records, Dr. Newman had predicted "probable . . . walking with bracing." This was the prediction on which the parents based their decision to refuse surgery.

Perhaps most importantly, the extent of Jane Doe's retardation is a matter of dispute. Spina bifida and hydrocephalus do not always result in any retardation at all; some born with these conditions and treated are of quite high intelligence and even go on to college and graduate school. The trial testimony indicates that this particular child is likely to be retarded, although various extents of retardation were described. Dr. Newman's testimony that the child would be unable to recognize people or to feel emotion was contradicted by Dr. Butler, who otherwise supported Dr. Newman. "We have to reasonably expect that this child might be able to sit up, look around, be aware of parents or good friends, be somewhat apathetic as far as the face is concerned. Maybe, for want of better words, we say a lack of personality." Other authorities, having examined the information brought up in the trial, have made even more optimistic projections. Dr. David McLone, chief of pediatric neurosurgery at Chicago Children's Memorial Hospital, says a 31-centimeter head size and the brain malformation do not necessarily indicate retardation. Children with heads in that size range are among the "very brightest" of individuals with spina bifida. And of spina-bifida children "virtually 100 per cent of those children have the Chiari tube brain malformation, which is a profound brain malformation. However, it is a brain malformation which is compatible with normal development function."

Why No Review?

ULTIMATELY no one can make a definitive statement on Baby Jane Doe's medical condition—so little information is available to the public. Certainly, however, there is enough disagreement that an independent review would seem logical. And there is something odd about a state-run hospital not giving the Federal Government access to its records—if all medical judgments have been sound, the hospital might reasonably welcome a third opinion to confirm them.

All these medical questions, however, seem academic to Dr. Bruch, who works and lives among the extremely retarded. I follow him around the Southbury School, and he introduces me to people there of all levels of "involvement." Beneath his affection for these people I sense that he has a feeling of kinship with them, that he understands, better than I can, that he and they are simply at different places on a single continuum. "We can't just withhold care because someone won't be perfect. When you do that, you don't give anyone a chance. Because no one is perfect. And if someone starts drawing up a list of people who aren't perfect enough to live, watch out, because somewhere, way down on that list, you'll find your own name." While some people suggest that to prolong Baby Jane Doe's life would be to prolong her misery, Dr. Bruch feels, because of the happy lives he sees around him, that it is important to give everyone the opportunity for life.

Yet in recent years he has seen a drive toward allowing people—the young and the old, as well as the handicapped—whose care costs work and money, to die. Dr. Bruch tells me that one doctor suggests that infants should not be issued birth certificates until they are three days old, so that parents have time to decide whether or not they really want a baby—a tragic indication of the value our age seems to place on life.

On the other side are the volunteers from the Spina Bifida Association, a long list of them, who want to be Jane Doe's foster or adoptive parents, if only her biological parents will give her up. Solomon once determined a baby's real parent to be the one who wanted him alive. These days, some parents, corrupted by an ideology that puts comfort and fulfillment above life itself, willingly choose death for their child. Maybe we need a little less modern medical ethics and a little more of the wisdom of Solomon.

—LACEY WASHINGTON

Foreign Affairs

The places whose names stud the newscasts today—
Gdansk, Guatemala, Grenada, Bombay,
Zimbabwe, South Yemen, Beirut, Pakistan,
El Salvador, Haifa, Iraq and Iran,
Malaysia, Honduras, Saigon, Trinidad,
The Persian Gulf, Bangladesh, Syria, Chad,
Uganda, Afghanistan, Ulster, Tibet,
And many no doubt even less well-known yet—
Confront us like drumbeats as numbly we see
Their problems—and ours—unsolved on TV.
Nor do we learn more than their "views" from the media
Or histories past from the encyclopedia,
When even new atlas maps, daily checkmated
By wars, become constantly old and outdated
On matters Korean, Judean, Andean . . .
We may, though, have learned how to spell Caribbean.

—CORINNA MARSH

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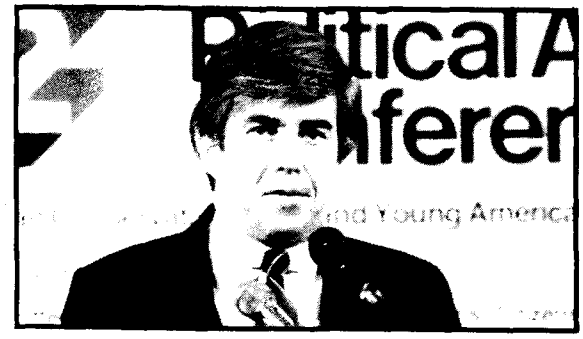

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THEOLOGY & ECONOMICS

When the U.S. Catholic bishops accepted Father Theodore M. Hesburgh's invitation to use the University of Notre Dame to help them in preparing for their pastoral letter on Catholic Social Thought and the U.S. Economy (scheduled now for 1985), Archbishop Rembert G. Weakland, the chairman of the drafting committee, expressly urged Notre Dame to invite *theologians* to prepare papers on each of the matters to be discussed, alongside economists and practitioners.

In this way, a new discipline is being born, which might be called "a theology of economics," to take its place among "a theology of the arts," "moral theology," "political theology," "the theology of marriage," and the rest. The point of theology, after all, is to ask of every aspect of human life, as it were, what God intends of it.

The difficulty of the task became immediately apparent to the directors of the Notre Dame conference, Professors John Houck and Oliver Williams, when they started trying to find theologians who had already done work on the four themes on which the bishops intend, as of now, to concentrate in their upcoming letter. The mere listing of these four themes suggests the difficulty: economic planning; creating employment; poverty and welfare; and international trade/global interdependence. Few theologians in the U.S. have written on such vital but often highly technical and secular themes. Fresh work had to be begun.

Despite the novelty of the topics, the three-day consultation in December was cordial and spirited. Of course, there were too many papers and the time for discussions was painfully brief. Some of the authors were considerably to the left, while no one represented Reaganomics or the new conservative thinking of such persons as Jack Kemp, Lew Lehrman, and others. Withal, the meeting room was packed.

Afterward, some of the bishops on the drafting committee (there are five in all: Archbishops Weakland and Donnellan and Bishops Weigand, Speltz, and Rosazza) suggested that they may drop the section on planning, as too theoretical and vague. If that one is omitted, the bishops will still be left with three very sticky wickets.

It is a hopeful sign that the bishops have chosen to modify their initial inclination to discuss "capitalism," in order to concentrate on three (perhaps four) practical areas. Yet one must note that they are not really discussing, as the title they have chosen suggests, *merely* "the U.S. economy." Each of the issues they propose to take up—job creation, welfare, and international trade—deeply involves the U.S. *political* system. And they themselves do not propose to speak as economists, but as leaders of an important institution, the Roman Catholic hierarchy, within the nation's *moral-cultural* system. So their actual topic will be the "U.S. political economy" in all three of its component systems —political and economic and moral.

Fortunately, too, the bishops seem to be taking a positive attitude, focusing on "job creation" rather than on "unemployment," for example. (The theological echoes of the theme of Creation are obvious.) Presumably, the bishops will address the many factors that go into creating jobs: savings, investment, invention, entrepreneurship, craftsmanship, and the like, as well as governmental monetary, fiscal, and tax policies.

My own deepest hope, expressed at the conference, is that the bishops will pay special attention to the family. This would represent a traditional and specifically Catholic emphasis, since most secular work in public policy seems to concentrate on individuals, to the comparative neglect of families. In matters both of employment and of welfare, a family perspective is unusually illuminating—and would add a new and needed dimension to U.S. public policy.

Reinhold Niebuhr once observed that Catholics, traditionally, look at *social* dimensions, while Protestants stress the *individual.* Emphasis on the family fits this tradition nicely, and has certain practical benefits.

More than that, Pope John Paul II has also emphasized the crucial nature of each "national community." The nation in which one works, the Pope wrote in *Laborem Exercens,* is both "the great 'educator' of every man" and "a great historical and social incarnation of the work of all generations." Each worker "combines his deepest human identity with membership of a nation, and intends his work also to increase the common good together with his compatriots."

Grass-Roots Call

Some commentators think that the Pope was primarily thinking of Poland, but the universality of the principle he stated is too clear for that. The Third Council of Baltimore observed, indeed, that the founders of the U.S. political economy "built better than they knew."

To live within the U.S. political economy, we have all learned, is indeed to have known "a great 'educator.' " (That experience has, for example, taught the Catholic Church new lessons in religious liberty.) We may hope that our bishops will bear witness as to how this is so, even while, moved by the prophet motive, they will emphasize the need for improvements within it.

Catholics throughout the country should express their conscientious judgments to their local bishop. In these ecumenical days, those of other religions or of none—whose common good is also at stake—may have even greater impact. □

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PARADOXES & DILEMMAS

IF WE ARE to believe the Kremlin, the Pershing II missiles that are being deployed in West Germany have revived an old Soviet fear of surprise attack. And if the Soviets do indeed fear the new Western missiles—even though they are far less powerful than the Soviet SS-20s, the missiles whose deployment in Eastern Europe prompted the NATO allies to deploy the Pershing IIs in the first place—they have a far more deep-seated fear of the West itself. But if the Soviets fear the West, why are they so aggressive toward it?

One school of thought attributes Soviet expansionism and aggression to the Russian czarist tradition; the Soviet rulers, in this view, have clothed themselves in the rhetoric of Marx and Lenin for the purpose of achieving Russian ambitions that date back at least as far as Peter the Great. However, while the czars did seek to expand the Russian empire, such behavior was by no means unique. Look at the map of France between the years 1000 and 1860 and you will notice an almost uninterrupted eastward march. Or take Brandenburg-Prussia between 1600 and 1795, or the hereditary Habsburg possessions between roughly 1500 and 1800. With Soviet expansionism, however, we are facing something entirely new.

Again, from another angle, it is true that *some* Russians considered their country the third Rome, but Russians were not the only ones with vaulting imaginations. The Germans felt themselves to be the heart of the Roman Empire; the French, the most enlightened people on the most enlightened continent. The British, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch built enormous colonial empires, justified by the "white man's burden." Soviet Communists are, once again, motivated by something entirely different, an ideology called Marxism-Leninism.

Since the English-speaking countries pride themselves on their realism, they pay little attention to ideologies and their power to motivate people. Hitler's *Mein Kampf* is a classic example. Nobody in the Anglo-Saxon world took it seriously—it seemed just another piece of Teutonic nonsense, like Spengler's *Decline of the West*. The attitude of the English-speaking world toward Marxism-Leninism is much the same as it was toward National Socialism. Hence, the motivating powers of Marxism-Leninism remain a mystery.

Though the percentage of convinced Communists in the Soviet Union is very small (smaller by far than the number even of Communist Party members), the Communists, supported by certain non-Communist Russian patriots, hold a firm grip on power. To them, Marxism-Leninism is not only a doctrine of allegedly scientific character but also a faith whose mission it is to liberate the world from the oppression of capitalism. The Communists are secular Calvinists to whom the West represents diabolic wickedness. The non-Communist patriots, meanwhile, lend their cooperation to the Soviet rulers not out of any attachment to Soviet Communism, but because they dread the extinction of Russia. The number of Russian patriots is most uncertain, but we know that they exist both in the army and in the civilian population, just as there were non-Nazi patriots in Hitler's Germany. Russian patriots can be reached by the West; true Communists are well-nigh unreachable and unteachable.

Since the Communists have made and will continue to make every conceivable effort to destroy capitalism, they quite naturally expect capitalism to make every effort to destroy Communism, even at the risk of destroying itself. It would be impossible to persuade the Soviet Union that the West isn't going to attack it. One could as well imagine a (genuine) Christian becoming convinced that Satan, having reached retirement age, will no longer try to lead him into temptation.

While there is no question that the Soviet rulers practice their secular religion, there is a question of whether they really believe in it. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is certain that the Soviet rulers stopped believing long ago. "In our country today," he says, "nothing constructive rests upon it; it is a sham, cardboard, theatrical prop—take it away and nothing will collapse, nothing will even wobble. Everything [rests] solely on material calculation and the subjection of the people . . ." Yet, in some sense, they have to believe in Marxism-Leninism because it is all they have, their consolation, their very *raison d'être*. Destroy it and they would fall into a kind of anarchical nihilism. "At the point where Russia now finds itself," French Sovietologist Alain Besançon has written, "to lose power means to lose one's life. It is a question of life and death to preserve the ideology. . . . All the reality of the ideology is concentrated in the exercise of power." Brezhnev put it more succinctly. He told Aleksandr Dubcek in 1968: "Don't talk to me about 'Socialism.' What we have, we hold."

CONSEQUENTLY, there isn't much the West can do except arm to the teeth, and thereby try to convince the Soviets that they can't win a war with the West. Like dogs, the Soviet rulers can smell fear and cowardice; they will attack the timid, and leave the strong alone. What frightens the Kremlin most is the "better dead than Red" attitude that still holds the upper hand in the Western world, and is fundamentally a religious attitude, the opposite number of their ideology. Under the circumstances, the West *must* maintain the balance of power—and the deployment of the Pershing IIs will help. □

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UP FROM BABEL

Josiah Lee Auspitz

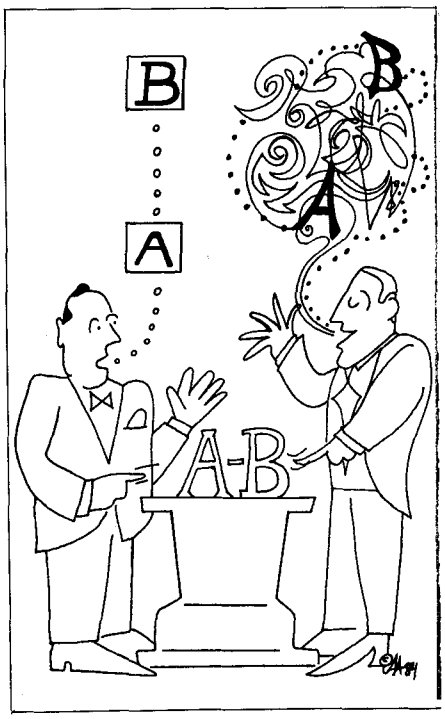
On History and Other Essays, by Michael Oakeshott
Barnes & Noble, 198 pp., $25.75

FIFTY YEARS ago next month, in a notice of Michael Oakeshott's first book, R. G. Collingwood exhibited a modesty rare among reviewers. "I have tried," he wrote, "to expound Mr. Oakeshott's thesis rather than criticize, because it is so original, so important, and so profound that criticism must be silent until his meaning has been long pondered."

Now we have in hand Michael Oakeshott's latest and (he now thinks) final philosophical work, *On History and Other Essays*. It evinces a lineal continuity with his thesis of a half-century ago. Yet Collingwood's caveat still holds. The essays in this book still require more exposition than criticism. Or to put it more precisely, they demand that our critical faculty be connoisseurial, that we employ it not to cavil but to discern what is distinctive and enduring.

And what is surely remarkable about these five essays is that they are all really about the same thing. Though their declared subjects are historiography, the rule of law, and the Tower of Babel, they all illustrate a deeper philosophical theme. It is the very theme Oakeshott broached fifty years ago in *Experience and Its Modes*. It underlies his more popular essays—"Rationalism in Politics" and "On Being Conservative." It animates "The Voice of Poetry in the Conversations of Mankind," the quietly influential essay that provides the unacknowledged framework for university curricula devoted to "modes of thought." It rests at the heart of Oakeshott's under-explored distinction between "civil" and "enterprise" association—a logical disjunction that (as a reviewer of *On Human Conduct* suggested in these pages in 1975) must ultimately pervade all intelligent discussion of politics.

This theme is modality, and though Oakeshott is not the first modern philosopher to perform daring variations upon it, he is one of a handful to have reshaped it in a noteworthy way. That, in itself, is the highest praise one can give. For modality is not some incidental topic; it is one of the organizing categories of both medieval and modern philosophy. Within medieval philosophy it structures discussion of the attributes of God by Christian, Muslim, and Jewish writers alike. To overturn medieval assumptions, Descartes, Spinoza, and Locke all make radical revisions of this concept. To say, then, that a philosopher has left a mark upon the concept of modality is rather like saying of a painter, as Ruskin did of Turner, that he is a "supreme colorist."



What, then, is Oakeshott's notion of a "mode," and how does he illustrate this concept in the varied essays before us?

IMAGINE ourselves looking out over a New England valley on a clear Indian-summer day, as the foliage is beginning to turn. We may take delight in the interplay of light, breeze, smell, and color. But this is not the only experience we may have of the scene. We may also assess the landscape with the cool interest of a real-estate developer, mentally parceling it up for sale. Or we may search out landmarks that reveal the valley's history. Or again, we may wonder what geological and chemical processes account for the rolling hills and burnishing foliage.

These are all different "modes" of experiencing the scene. In each, distinctive categories organize our thought—aesthetic categories for what Oakeshott calls the "poetic" experience of delight; projects, plans, and options for the "practical" business venture; the mutability of human works for the "historical" sensibility; categories of cause, structure, and process for the "scientific" one. None of these provides a uniquely "true" or "primordial" representation of the scene, none denies the validity of the others, none is logically subordinate to another, and all are open to us at any time. Each enriches us with its own "language" of experience. Oakeshott's notion of modality may thus encourage us to notice, choose, and enjoy variety in life.

But suppose we were limited only to one mode—say, in our example, the "practical" mode of the land developer. Suppose all of life, for all of us all the time, were restricted to carrying out vast schemes of progress and profit. And suppose, to dramatize

Mr. Auspitz is Director of the Project in Public Philosophy of the Sabre Foundation.

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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the case, the energies of government were devoted to concerting the entire citizenry in a single, exhilarating enterprise of great scope and idealism—some "moral equivalent of war." We should then be like the burghers of Babel, dedicated night and day to building a ziggurat to storm the heavens.

In the Biblical story their effort is thwarted by the confusion of tongues. But for Oakeshott, for whom a plurality of "languages" is the very essence of civilized life, a counter-parable is needed. In his version, the people of Babel do not disperse in mutual unintelligibility. Instead they hew to their enterprise, ever hoping to reach Heaven. Their arts and sciences, their journalism and laws are narrowed to the project at hand. As the top of their tower at last becomes lost in the clouds, a rumor spreads at ground level that Nimrod, their king, is about to enter Paradise by himself and make a selfish pact with its Proprietor. In a panic the entire populace stampedes toward the summit, each man racing to get a share of Paradise for himself. They weigh down the thin upper stories, causing the tower to collapse upon itself:

> Soon the whole structure had become a raging cataract of falling stones; mangled bodies, first borne upon its surface, became submerged in its depths. The collapse went on far into the night and threw up an enormous cloud of dust. None had the opportunity to turn back; escape from the wreckage was impossible. There were no survivors. . . . What had been designed as a stairway to Paradise had become the tomb of an entire people, not perished in a confusion of tongues, but the victims of a delusion and confounded by the distrust which dogs those who engage in titanic exploits.

Thus, in Oakeshott's parable a civilization limited to a practical mode of experience and organized into a single "enterprise association" destroys itself.

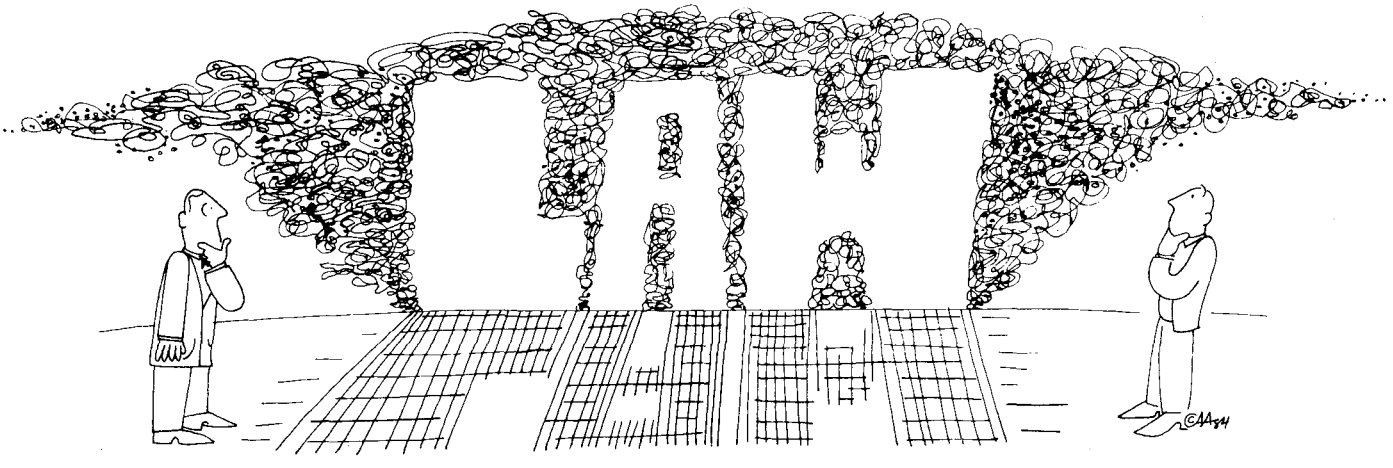
But what, to continue in the practical mode a bit longer, is the alternative? What kind of society could there be in which we were not primarily associated in terms of common enterprises? And what choice—other than being feckless—do we have in a workaday world but to immerse ourselves in the "practical"?

THE REMAINING essays in this collection help to answer such questions, without preaching any course of action with respect to them. Unlike the piece on the Tower of Babel, they are uncompromisingly theoretical. Three essays discuss history, a "mode of understanding" that Oakeshott distinguishes sharply from the "practical past" invoked in current affairs. A fourth presents the rule of law as a "mode of moral association" at odds with the enterprise association of the Babelians. All together, the four essays run 164 pages. With leisurely elaboration and extensive citation, they could well occupy several volumes. Their conceptual density will give pleasure and instruction to those who enjoy philosophical argument, but it may repel those who have admired Oakeshott for his mastery of metaphor and his literary grace. Still, since they draw upon a lifetime of reflection and unobtrusively add a few important refinements, the essays contain some of Oakeshott's most considered and exact philosophical work. They well repay the close study they require.

As before, the central issue is modality. For Oakeshott a "mode" is a formal notion—that is, it delineates a form. It designates ideas that have achieved a coherent order. How they may have acquired this order is for him a matter for historical, not philosophical, inquiry. As a philosopher he limits himself to elucidating the logical character of their modality—that is, the necessary categories (or "postulates") without which each mode would remain unintelligible. These categories are few, simple, obvious, and inescapable. They define the standards of relevance within each mode.

The writing of history, for example, postulates at a bare minimum some concept of an historical "past," of historical "events," and of a relation among events called "historical change." Oakeshott devotes one essay to each of these three postulated concepts. The essays cap a long train of reflection that began backhandedly ("The Importance of the Historical Element in Christianity," 1928), emerged magisterially (in a chapter of *Experience and Its Modes* that Collingwood called "the most penetrating analysis of historical thought that has ever been written"), and continued thereafter in essays, reviews, and annually revised talks to Oakeshott's seminar on the history of political thought at the London School of Economics. They are by now so compacted as to be especially daunting to readers attracted by their title. The aficionado of history is typically drawn by the interplay of particularities and by the leisurely stretching out of a few general ideas over time. Oakeshott's three essays, by contrast, pile the concepts on, as if with a palette knife.

History, as he presents it, is a distinctively modern form of theoretical inquiry with no direct lessons, messages, prophecies, or recommendations for practical affairs. (To draw such morals exemplifies the gnostic error that Oakeshott has called "rationalism.") The providential histories of religious writers, the dialectical imperatives of the Marxists, the heady organic analogies of a Spengler, Toynbee, or



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Burke, the didactic use of the past as a storehouse of "emblems of all the virtues, vices, and predicaments known to mankind"—none of these is history as a mode of understanding. Though often admixed with genuine historical understanding, such uses of the past are, in Oakeshott's view, little more than the practical mode retrojected upon bygone days.

Nor is history as a mode of understanding to be found from an empirical survey either of what eminent historians have written or of what professors of the subject may now be teaching or writing. Their work, like all human utterance, is heterogeneous. Oakeshott's task is to find the genuinely historical element in the writing of history—to disentangle Clio's thread from all the others.

And his starting point for the inquiry—his first and best developed postulate about history as a mode of understanding—is a flat assertion about the historical past: that it does not exist. This is an obvious and incontrovertible point. What is past is dead and cannot be directly observed. Historical thought, therefore, can deal with the past only mediately as a retroduction from the present. History, in other words, can be nothing more or less than a mode of understanding the present.

The historian's present, however, is a peculiar one. It is not the forward-looking present of the practical man, but the present seen as a miscellaneous collection of survivals. When the historian looks out over the landscape his eye fixes not on the potentialities but on the ruins. And his interest in them is not aesthetic. When he reads a Donne poem he is not satisfied merely to delight in the language or the sentiment. The sonnet interests him primarily as a pointer to something dead: He asks what it tells about court life in the seventeenth century, or about Donne's life, or about the development of a genre, or about the character of English thought and language of that time, or even (citing some geometrical conceit) about the popular acceptance of science in the circles in which Donne moved. It is, then, his task, by assessing and authenticating survivals, to infer from them a construct called an historical past, for which this monument or that manuscript or that church register is oblique evidence.

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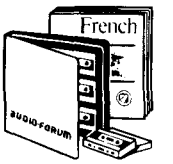

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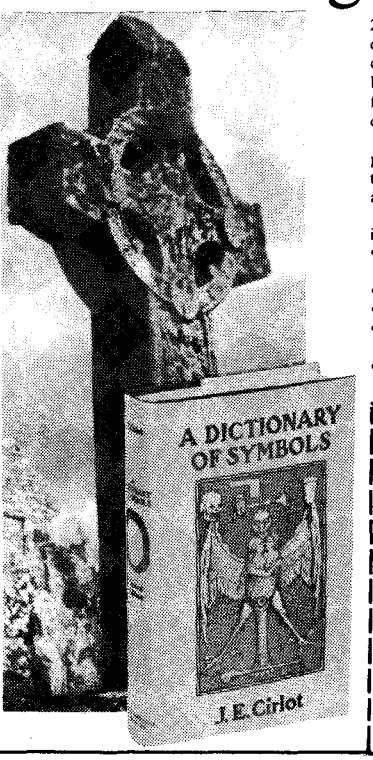

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in Oakeshott's sense is to be found in archaeology, and the questions an archaeologist asks of a new "find" exemplify the evidential methods of the historian: What is its authentic date and character? What does it tell and what does it betray about the situation from which it has sprung? How does it fit with evidence available from other survivals?

The picture of the past that the historian infers from such vestiges is not a deduction from general scientific "laws" of history, of human nature, of psychology, or of economics. It is a composition of events juxtaposed in time so that they form a continuity, with each event presented in terms of antecedents that have made a significant difference in shaping it. Because this composition is based on hypothetical reasoning, it is always open to revision. Because it follows no uniquely historical "laws" it takes no predetermined shape.

The historical past is (in one of the rare pictorial images in these essays) like

> what in the countryside is called a "dry wall": The stones (that is, the antecedent events) which compose the wall (that is, the subsequent event) are joined and held together not by mortar, but in terms of their shapes. And the wall here has no premeditated design: It is what its components, in touching, constitute.

Yet since it depends upon a disciplined procedure for verifying, weighing, and organizing evidence, the historical past is not fictive but real. It is, to use metaphysical terms, endowed with reality but not with existence.

The "change" that historical understanding can grasp evinces a distinctive kind of continuity—not the continuum of scientific time, in which (as Kant put it) every part is infinitely divisible into parts of the same kind, but a view of the continuum Oakeshott attributes to Aristotle, in which parts with individual identities achieve a continuity by virtue of their contiguity. If Oakeshott is correct, the history of cataclysms, revolutions, epochs, and other supposed discontinuities fits as easily into this view of the continuum as does the recent history of Switzerland.

I shall not attempt to go further here in summarizing Oakeshott's argument, except to note that if the Babelians in his counter-parable had developed the language of historical understanding they would not have had so narrowly ambitious an imagination. Certainly, it would have been very hard to stampede them anywhere. They could not have believed in any historic destiny to attain Paradise, for historical understanding knows no destinies, only survivals. They would not have been inclined to credit wild rumors, for historical understanding trains one in the skeptical authentication of reports. And they might have spent as much time in excavating previous levels of their city as in seeking to raise it to an earthly apotheosis. Historical understanding and the humane conservatism it reflects might have moderated Babel, but perhaps not changed it so long as it remained an "enterprise association" under the coercive power of a king bent on conquering Heaven.

THUS, WHILE Oakeshott's essays on history will assure him an attentive audience so long as historiography is cultivated, it is his essay on "The Rule of Law" that suggests the escape route from the Tower. Here, too, the work at hand has had a long gestation, with a youthful beginning in the 1920s ("The Authority of the State," 1929), a better-developed appearance in the 1930s ("The Concept of a Philosophical Jurisprudence," 1938), and a densely compacted fruition after his retirement from the LSE ("On the Civil Condition" in *On Human Conduct*, 1975). What Oakeshott now adds is a summary treatment that will be read with care by every reflective student of politics and law.

Again, bear in mind that the essay is only in part about its declared subject. It is also an illustration of the deeper theme of modality. As such, it is concerned not to propagandize the regime of civility that Oakeshott so evidently prefers but to define its minimal logical postulates. And since a modal definition is always a negation—that is, since it excludes everything it does not require—Oakeshott leads up to the rule of law by telling us what it is not.

What it most emphatically is not is policy: "The rule of law bakes no bread." It erects no Babels and maximizes no values. It logically excludes all views that connect law with a substantive end. It is a mode of association not in terms of common enterprises and interests but in terms of shared recognition of non-instrumental rules. Attempts to use law instrumentally to achieve prosperity or morality, national solidarity or the "public interest," may be desirable from other points of view, but they have nothing to do with the logical postulates of the rule of law itself. Likewise, any justifications of law in terms of some extrinsic good—be it human rights, higher law, natural law, social welfare, or

RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE JANUARY TITLES: In *A Heyday of American Communism: The Depression Decade* (Basic $26.50) Harvey Klehr argues that during the Red Thirties, "loyalty to the Soviet Union [among American Communists] took precedence over any and every other consideration for the entire Party." . . . *The Great Depression: America, 1929-1941* (Times, $18.95), by Robert S. McElvaine, criticizes the New Deal for its timidity and willingness to compromise its radical possibilities, but concludes that it ushered in a change in American values, away from "acquisitive individualism" and toward "cooperative individualism."

In *The Freedom Road: 1944-1945* (Atheneum, $17.95) Richard Collier, following up his *1940: The Avalanche* and *The Road to Pearl Harbor*, describes the final six hundred days of the Second World War. Among the highlights is his description of the Soviet army's race to Berlin and the Russians' brutality toward the civilians they encountered—behavior Collier finds worthy of "an army of vindictive apes."

Final Reports: Personal Reflections on Politics and History in Our Times (Doubleday, $16.95), by Richard Rovere and with a foreword by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., is the posthumously published memoir of the author of *The New Yorker*'s "Washington Letter"—a man whom Schlesinger describes as "the unperturbed voice of quizzical rationality." It is interesting, however, to learn that Rovere felt himself precluded from writing more ambitious books by his want of passionate connective ties to his background and milieu.

☐ A FEBRUARY TITLE: In *Russian Doctor* (St. Martin's/Marek, $17.95), by Vladimir Golyakhovsky, we get a very different sort of émigré memoir by a wealthy Russian doctor who, embroiled in a scandal over the misappropriation of research funds, fled the USSR traveling in first-class accommodations. —CW

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some abstract ideal of order, freedom, or equality—may make it more palatable or plausible, but add only irrelevancies to its logical character. Nor does the rule of law require any formal constitutional document, any basic law, any specified distribution of property, or any democratic process, though all of these may today make people happier about accepting it.

Our tendency to claim too much for the rule of law has led to expectations that it cannot fulfill: "When properly understood the rule of law *cannot* characterize, without qualification, a modern European state." Yet its insufficiency is not conceptual. Oakeshott does succeed in showing it to have a coherence that is restricted to no single age or clime. Indeed, he sees two far-removed imperial peoples—the Romans and the Normans—as having contributed the most to its practice. The best theorizing about it has come from many sources: Aristotle, Bodin, Montesquieu, Hobbes, Hegel, Jellinek, and the legal positivists are his favorites.

Its main postulates are three, and since the rule of law is a contrived human relationship, Oakeshott discusses them as offices rather than disembodied concepts. For an American reader it helps to call them the legislative, judicial, and executive offices. They entail three categorially distinct modes of deliberation, which should not, however, be confused with what may now go on in the branches of government bearing those names. To stress the ideal character of his inquiry Oakeshott sometimes uses circumlocutions and Latin terms that, though cumbersome, are empty of empirical referents.

The legislative office assures that law is authentic, self-defining, and self-referential—that is, that it comes from an "official" source authorized by law and that each new enactment is integrated into the existing body of law by the same legislative authority. This gives law the character not of disjointed commands but of a set of conditions, like those of morality itself, which one acknowledges and subscribes to in performing one's chosen activities. The "freedom" of a rule-of-law regime consists in recognizing the entirety of these legal conditions as a moral obligation even when one happens to disagree with one of them or to violate another.

In addition to guaranteeing the authenticity of the law, the legislative office may debate the "justice" of any given enactment—the *jus* of *lex*. The debate addresses the moral conditions appropriate to law itself. Does a given provision offend "the prevailing educated moral sensibility"? Is this sensibility itself alive to the limited role law can play in promoting virtue and good conduct? There is room for strenuous disagreement about such questions, but, in Oakeshott's view, no room for standards plucked from the laboratory, the pulpit, or the history books, until they have been translated into the appropriate legalisms.

Oakeshott's second postulate is a judicial office charged with examining everyday actions solely in respect of their legality. It, too, is defined by law. It, too, is a deliberative body. But whereas the legislative office considers the desirability of law, the judicial one considers its meaning in a given case. Its deliberations are, properly, "an exercise in retrospective casuistry." What we, as American heirs to Montesquieu, are accustomed to call the "separation of powers" is thus a categorial distinction between two complementary forms of authority necessary to the rule of law. And to confuse the one with the other—to have a legislative office concerned with specific cases or a judicial one pronouncing on the desirability of law—is what Montesquieu called a destruction of *liberté*, a blurring of the precise lines that define the "freedom" of the rule-of-law regime.

But the clearest subversion of the character of this mode of association lies in the encroachment of the third—the executive—office. The executive is necessarily instrumental. It is concerned with policy and power, the categories inimical to a non-instrumental view of law. Hence Oakeshott devotes only a sentence to the executive, in which he subordinates it to the judicial authority and confines it to police and court administration, which are themselves limited by law. As he sees it, the police and administrative power narrowly construed is the only executive power compatible with the rule of law. Foreign policy, *qua* policy, falls outside this mode of association. For the rule of law, as Oakeshott unflinchingly notes, "cannot protect itself against external attack."

As with his modal definition of history, Oakeshott has emptied the rule of law of anything that might inspire or uplift. He has stripped it down to its minimal logical character. He has shown it to be conceptually coherent and pragmatically untenable in its unalloyed form. There is nothing in his essay that will be directly usable in contemporary political debate. Yet even from the foretaste I have given here, it may be clear that there is something edifying in the rigor of his reasoning itself. His essay is as condensed, pure, cogent, and uncompromising an account as one is able to read in the theory of limited government.

Its silences, which are many, are often more eloquent than its elaborations, which are few. Oakeshott says nothing here about the culture of civility that may make a rule-of-law regime benign or oppressive, nothing of the specific content of the "prevailing educated moral sensibility" by which its deliberations of "justice" either succor the helpless or victimize them, nothing of the features that may make its non-instrumental provisions either the canny handmaidens of prosperity or the dead weights of a mandarin formalism.

The meaning of these silences is plain: There is a wide variety of practices, not all of them admirable, fully compatible with the rule of law. Nevertheless—and these are his only words of praise for it—association in terms of

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the non-instrumental conditions of the rule of law, for all the weaknesses to which it may succumb, is the "most civilized and least burdensome conception of the state that has yet been devised."

OAKESHOTT'S essay reminds me of a painting. In the rooms devoted to Turner in the Tate Gallery there is a canvas titled *Hurrah! For the Whaler Erebus! Another Fish!* It embodies the qualities in the artist's very late work that were deplored by the academicians of his day—the absence of line, the blurring of focus, the dearth of studied detail. Even Ruskin placed it in a period that was "wholly of inferior quality." The entire effect is achieved by a piling up of light, shadow, and color.

At first glance the painting seems a clumsy wash. But only for a moment. On closer inspection one sees the salient figures: the ship, the harpoon boat and line, the rippling colors and agitated shadows that convey the frenetic excitement of the crew, as they wave their hats and handkerchiefs in the air. And finally, beneath the surface one senses more than sees a blood-ied shadow that is the whale. It is perhaps the greatest fish never to appear in a painting. It bespeaks tales and poems and chanties of men at sea.

Oakeshott's "Rule of Law" is like that leviathan. It evokes its subject more than portrays it. What this mode of association is not conveys more of its character than the shadowy assertions of what it is. And the single phrase praising it as "most civilized and least burdensome" conjures up a world of bewigged judges and boring parliamentary debates in place of gulags and torture chambers. In all, Oakeshott produces a philosophical effect that is at once precise and dramatic by the sure-handed mastery of elusive modal distinctions. If Turner is England's supreme colorist, Michael Oakeshott is her supreme modalist. □

MONUMENT OF ENNUI

Joseph Sobran

On Reagan: The Man and His Presidency, by Ronnie Dugger
McGraw-Hill, 616 pp., $19.95

OH NO. Didn't I just review this book a few months ago? No, that was the one by the Russian fellow, Arbatov, who talks like a liberal. At least Arbatov showed a mimic's virtuosity: It can't be easy to master the clichés of another culture. With Ronnie Dugger, alas, they all come straight from the heart. For six hundred pages.

Other writers shun cliché. Dugger actually *aspires* to it. The very fact that an expression has been used a thousand times—"world's policeman," "punishing the poor," "corrupt and repressive," "holy war"—gives him the sense that in using it for the thousand-and-first he is placing himself on terra firma. (Did I mention "1984 is upon us"? It's in there. See the chapter on civil liberties.)

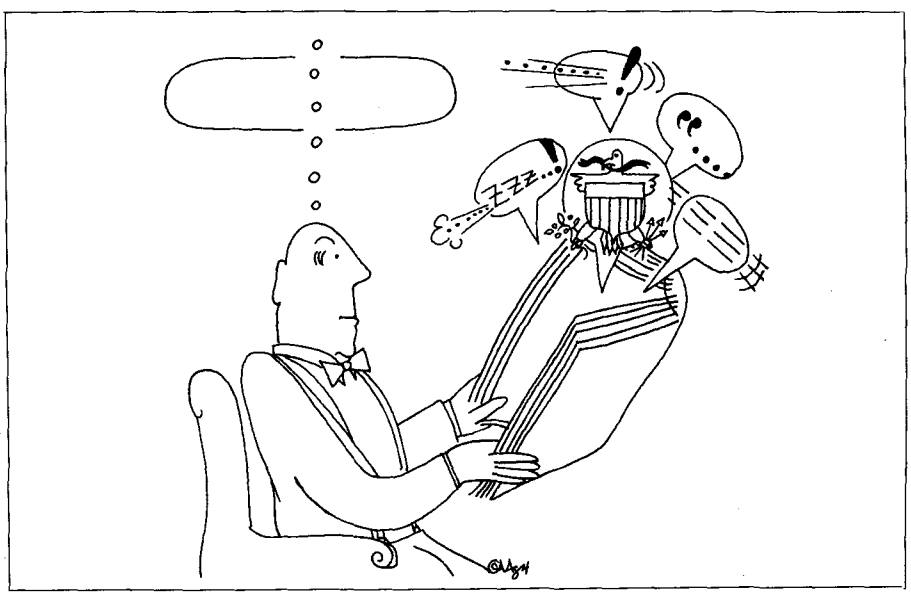
On Reagan is just what you'd expect from a liberal, though you might not expect six hundred pages of it. "A man might write such stuff forever," Dr. Johnson observed of one author, "if he would *abandon* his mind to it." This book is the raw ore of an abandoned mind, all right. In its way it is awesome, heroic: It is perfunctory on a herculean scale. A chapter on Reagan's henchmen (all millionaires), a chapter on Social Security (Reagan is bent on destroying it), a chapter on the Reagan Administration's ties to big business (he is selling out the national interest, especially the environment), a chapter on the income tax (Reagan wants to tax the poor at the same rate as the rich), *another* chapter on the White House's business ties . . . Are you starting to get the drift?

Everything is scrupulously documented. If only there had been a bit of headwork to go with all this legwork. The man has evidently worked like a dawg. He thinks like one, too. There is not one idea in this entire book. Not one. When, now and then, he attempts to construct an argument, you want to turn your head away. It isn't a pretty sight, what this man does to a syllogism.

Dugger belongs to a breed Ernest van den Haag has identified as "the reformed Texan." Liberalism with cow dung on its boots. He is so pitifully eager to ingratiate himself with enlightened Yankees. He don't want nobody mixin' him up with them oal-well right-wingers, nosirree*bob*. Or with some dumb rednecks, nuther. *Hail* no. Which may be why he thinks he can score points by using the sort of hackneyed phrases even a *New York Times* editorial writer would eventually seek elegant variations for.

This may account for the inexplicable energy he brings to his drab labor. Where you and I *think* he is merely being predictable, he feels he has achieved communion with Enlightened Opinion, like all those bishops who think they're being filled with the Holy Spirit when *they* talk like the *Times*. He takes such *gust* in boring.

He has clipped and pasted every derogatory remark made about Ronald Reagan over the last twenty years. He himself tells us, within the first five pages, that Reagan is "a hard-line right-wing ideologue . . . a serious right-wing ideologue . . . a dogged right-wing ideologue." That about wraps it up in the Colorful Regionalism Dept. It's enough to make Ralph Nader yearn for an occasional metaphor.



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Whether Reagan is primarily motivated by venality or fanaticism is one of those mysteries Dugger never gets around to resolving. But be assured that Reagan's motives are always bad, just as those of liberals—"humanists," as Dugger calls them at one point—are always good. Reagan falls a little short in the Compassion Dept., whereas liberals have quite a bit of it. Reagan isn't worried about nuclear war, whereas liberals would like to avoid it. Reagan isn't particularly sensitive to the needs and aspirations of women and minorities, whereas liberals definitely are. Thus does Dugger probe the moral and psychological depths. Henry James would be spellbound.

Not every book can be seminal, but few take such pains to avoid it. Dugger never pauses to ask whether there might be some coherence in Reagan's position, since after all it contrives to be wrong about *everything*. By the same token, he never pauses to ask whether all the parts of the humanist position really hang together: What do they have in common, apart from their trendiness? Who knows? Where Dugger's coming from, nobody's about to ask. He writes with the assurance that there's nobody here but us liberals.

That's what makes his book such a monument of ennui. He documents everything and proves nothing. With his boor's certitude that he's on the side of the angels, he doesn't realize there's a real debate going on about the nature of the American political tradition. There are two sides fighting, is all he knows: One of them is "simplistic" and wrong (and driven by bad motives), while the other is right, compassionate, attuned to the "complexities" of modern life.

After reading this book I had to pinch myself to remind myself that we live in exciting times, at a moment of eloquently warring intuitions. Surely the liberal position isn't quite as exhausted as this book haplessly implies. Even a manifest dunce like Dugger ought to sense dimly that conservatism is showing too much vitality to be snubbed and sneered off the battlefield. We *aren't* all liberals here, and there's no point in talking as if we were. A piece of dull bigotry like *On Reagan* just isn't going to do the job.

I call it bigotry deliberately, recalling Chesterton's remark that bigotry is not simply the rejection of the alternative, but rather that clotted condition when the mind can't even *conceive* of the alternative. Dugger is not too refined in his methods to advert to Reagan's divorce several times; evidently he thinks that somehow fortifies his case. Maybe it does, considering the kind of case he makes. Anyway, his liberal friends won't mind.

In one of his pamphlets, Milton says of his adversary: "I mean not to dispute philosophy with this pork, that never had any." Let's leave it at that. □

FILM

BLOOD WADING

John Simon

Bob Fosse's *Star 80* deals, or pussyfoots, with a real-life horror story it will not, cannot, dare not fully explore. It concerns the hideous murder of a *Playboy* playmate and starlet, Dorothy Stratten, by her husband, Paul Snider—a con-man and pimp with aspirations of becoming another Hugh Hefner—who then killed himself. For three reasons, aside from the trashiness of the story, Fosse could not succeed. First, the truth was too grisly to avoid an X rating, meaning a loss in revenue no big-budget picture wishes to incur. And where a story registers, for better or worse, through its horror, soft-pedaling means a loss of nerve that infiltrates the entire operation.

Second, although Snider and Miss Stratten are both safely dead, and her mother and sister could be placated into permission, there is no way in which Hefner, who made Dorothy his Playmate of the Year, and Peter Bogdanovich, who directed her in his last picture show and wanted to make her his mate for life, would have permitted an excess of truth, against which the well-known and well-heeled can be legally immune. Hence any filmmaker undertaking to tell such a story knows ahead of time that he will have to skip, finagle, and falsify—another method from which little good can come. But the third and greatest drawback is that Fosse, a dancer and

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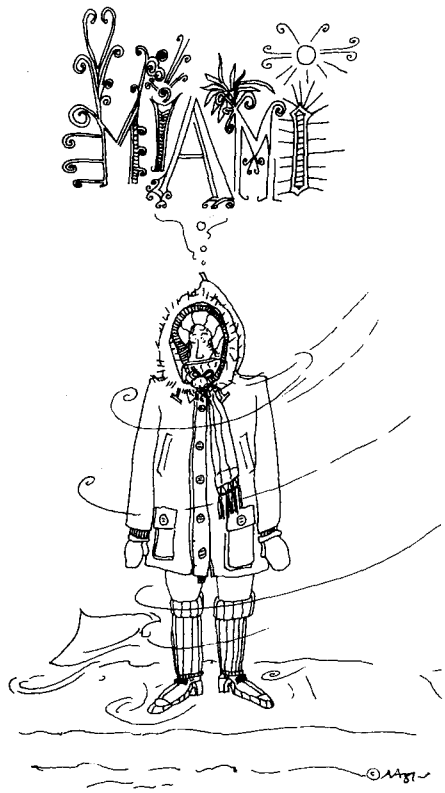
choreographer, is much less of a movie director and not at all a writer: There is not much communication between the dancing foot and the writing hand.

Now, it may not be of major interest how a nice but simple Canadian counter-girl falls for a flashy small-time operator who prestidigitates with promises; but how she is persuaded to pose in the nude for a photographer friend of his, and becomes gradually sucked into the *Playboy* mentality and physicality, is a matter of some psychological interest if only Fosse—as director and his own screenwriter—knew how to handle it other than once over heavily. Although Eric Roberts manages to convey the obsession with luxury and fame of a sleazy fellow who gambles, not on cards or roulette, but on the crunchy freshness of a naïve young beauty (whom Mariel Hemingway, despite a silicone implant in her bosom, plays with a minimum of dimensionality, except a tallness that awkwardly towers over everyone else), there is much less detail and insight here than in Teresa Carpenter's reportage, on which the film is partly based.

One suspects that poor Dorothy perceived Hef as the Wizard of Oz, Kahlil Gibran, and Dear Abby rolled into one big, sexy Pygmalion, who (and this is one of the film's few authentic touches) always presided over the Playboy Mansion parties in pajamas, the appropriate uniform for dispensing what the Marquis de Sade, in a different context, called *la philosophie dans le boudoir*. But the script and Cliff Robertson turn Hef into a cross between a teacher of etiquette and a games master at a young ladies' finishing school, where all intercourse is supposed to be strictly social. And though the men she meets at the Mansion may have designs on her, Dorothy, despite her genuine upward mobility in contrast to Paul's ineffectual megalomania (while she poses for classy pictures in *Playboy*, he stages cheap sex shows in low dives), sticks to and supports her husband in almost the style he lusts after.

Following on a few awkward interviews watched over by *Playboy* mentors, Dorothy lands some trashy movie roles of which she makes a mess, until the classy director Aram Nicholas (i.e., Bogdanovich) makes her his star and mistress. Their cohabitation in New York is presented with a chastity that



would do credit to a nunnery, until Paul, maddened with jealousy and the sense of losing his meal ticket to Fortuna's banquet, lures Dorothy to their Los Angeles house and there shoots her and himself. The particularly sado-pornographic details of the murder, as well as of some previous incidents, are merely lip-smackingly hinted at. Indeed, throughout the film we get flash-forwards to Paul, bloody and looking into a mirror, railing against the world and his failure. Each sequence shows more gore on and around him, but the ultimate climax of obscene or, less likely, cathartic terror is thoroughly fudged, though doubtless not for reasons of taste. In fact, the movie lacks even the courage of its bad taste.

What, then, was the reason for making *Star 80*? Puzzled reviewers have postulated Fosse's disgust with the debasement of show business, or self-hate for former dabblings in commercial sleaziness, or an attempt to exorcise some of his ungallant attitudes toward women. Though there may be something to all of this, the finished film looks to me like an inadvertent tribute to false glamor as well as an attempt to titillate as much as an R rating can be stretched to. The only character who is even superficially examined is Paul Snider; the others, many of whom serve as narrators of segments of the story—a modish and tiresome device—get no real identities or, in some cases, even adequate identification.

Still more modish and annoying is the device of allowing, during Dorothy's endless photographic sessions, the soundtrack to resound with the clicking of shutters that won't shut up; it is hard to say whether this or Giorgio Moroder's score is more grating. Finally, Fosse's genuine cowardice is as great as his delusions of daring: Snider always wore a Star of David dangling from a chain round his neck; for fear of antagonizing Jewish viewers, Fosse substitutes a metallic S.

AT THAT, *Star 80* is, by not lasting almost three hours, preferable to the long, unrelenting horror of *Scarface*, a quasi-remake of the old Hecht-Hawks-Muni opus. In this Brian De Palma film (with a screenplay by Oliver Stone, author of the detestable *Midnight Express*), Tony Montana is one of those many hardened criminals whom Castro threw in as a special bonus with the political refugees he allowed to emigrate to the United States. The opening scene, in which Tony (Al Pacino) tries to get the immigration authorities to accept him as a bona-fide dissident with a mixture of anti-Communism, obscenity, and plain impudence, is about as subtle, complex, and credible as this movie ever gets.

The rest concerns the process of Tony's becoming the supreme cocaine boss of Florida through a blend of colossal *cojones*, a kind of loyalty within utter criminality, and a dogged persistence (sometimes canny, sometimes verging on ludicrous stupidity, probably unintended by the filmmakers). Tony manages to overcome or supplant his less able or more obviously corrupt superiors and opponents, ends up dealing directly with Colombia's Mr. Big, makes the American banks toe the line, wins even the expensive, drugged but haughty concubine of his former boss after (honorably) killing him and the crooked cop who protected him, and would, even when outsmarted by the narcs, still bounce back if it weren't for two fatal virtues that do him in.

First, in a scene of unparalleled incredibility, he kills Mr. Big's hitman rather than let him blow up, along with the designated victim, the latter's family. Later, in a scene whose in-

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credibility is unparalleled even by this, Tony shoots his best friend and henchman because he takes him to have been messing around with his adored kid sister, Gina, who seems to have done some previous fooling around of her own, but who now, tearfully kneeling over her beloved's corpse, informs her brother that they had just gotten married and were preparing a pleasant surprise for Tony. In due time, semi-nude and taunting, Gina comes after Tony with a submachine gun, but he, hurting more than she does, mows her down. He then buries his slurping head in a mound of cocaine big enough, if it were sand, to provide all of Florida's underprivileged children with a playground, and allows hundreds of Mr. Big's heavily armed goons to invade his TV-monitored fortress *cum* pleasure dome.

Apparently as an afterthought, he decides to place himself in full view on a landing of his palatial staircase and, with a machine gun, rub out the invading mob as if they were so many kid sisters. If one villain did not cravenly dispatch him from behind, no one would escape Tony, even though he is a bit perforated around the edges and his nose is literally dripping with cocaine, which evidently makes you invincible, except from the rear. Hit with such weapons, people would be blown to smithereens, but De Palma, again with his bloodshot eyes firmly on the R rating, makes them keel over decorously with wounds scarcely bigger than mosquito bites.

So much for even vestigial honesty. Al Pacino gives the same performance he has inflicted on us some fifty times, except that his accent keeps switching from Hispanic to Italian to straight American. Though John A. Alonzo's cinematography is far better than the film deserves, the condignly vulgar score is, again, by Giorgio Moroder. Brian De Palma has made a film that for ugliness, pointlessness, boring near-endlessness, and abject stupidity will remain hard to match. □

DELECTATIONS

GOOD OLD-AND NEW-AMERICAN COOKING

Nika Hazelton

LIBERTY CABBAGE, O.D. gravy, slump, French 75—what on earth do these words mean? I am not going to tell you, but urge you to find out for yourself in one of the most entrancing books I've come across in a long time —*The Dictionary of American Food and Drink*, by John F. Mariani (Ticknor and Fields, $19.95)—in which you can also find Ben Franklin's opinion of turkey, the history of Prohibition, and the origin of the term "hooch." As a matter of fact, I have taken bets on two of the terms defined in the book and won, wishing I had placed a higher bet.

The author of this American equivalent of the French *Larousse Gastronomique* is—joy of joys—a man who can write with wit, eloquence, and elegance. He is the product of Iona College, ending up with a PhD in English Romantic literature at Columbia; where, poor soul, he wrote a 450-page dissertation on Walter Savage Landor, proving that he is industrious and is not easily depressed, as I am when I think of Landor. It is really quite wonderful what a strict education by the Irish Christian Brothers will do for a man's discipline and general knowledge.

I first met John Mariani a number of years ago, when the Spanish Sherry Institute invited a number of us to come and celebrate the *vendemia* in Jerez. It turned out to be a great trip, unlike most publicity trips; the Sherry people really laid it on, with spectacular *flamenco* dancing and singing. John, then in his thirties, was very handsome with prematurely white hair and a frank smile; he was dimpled at by the Spanish belles and dimpled back as charmingly (he does dimple well). He was great fun to talk to even then, and much more so now, as a veteran teacher and author of innumerable articles on travel, food, wine, and sundry other subjects—becoming, in fact, one of the best writers in fields not known for a high degree of literacy.

What it comes down to is that here, for the first time, we have a true chronicle and explanation of *American* foods, so fashionable now and so badly treated when it comes to their explication—largely because few authors are willing to devote three years of their life to pure research, or are in a position to write literately about their findings. I am happy to say that the book has been made a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

JOHN MARIANI'S *Dictionary of American Food and Drink* is just one of the symptoms of the cultural revolution that has taken place in the food world. Whereas once we spent fortunes eating the high-class pablum of much of *la nouvelle cuisine*, we now flock to *le cooking américain*. Nouvelle cuisine was made possible by the food processor—you remember the neat mounds of vegetable or meat or fish mush sitting neatly in a puddle of colorful green, yellow, or red sauce on an oversized white plate—whereas nouvelle (or antique, for that matter) American cooking is well defined by irregular shapes (ribs, chicken pieces, onion rings, etc.) and dark in color, usually a golden brown hue. Sauces are slapped on in a virile manner; they are thick and dark, often sweet and hottish at the same time. They also slop over you as you eat with your hands—*faute de mieux on couche avec sa femme*, as the old saying goes. "Pasta" now is reverting to spaghetti and macaroni, and vegetables come in the shape the Lord made them.

I do not think that there is such a thing as a structured American cuisine as there is a French or Chinese structured cuisine, the classical French or Chinese cuisine that you can rebel against. (You can't have a Black Mass if you don't have a White Mass.) American cooking is home cooking, a mixture of ethnic dishes adapted to the resources of the New World; it is a cookery of single dishes, regional dishes, but not of cuisines. The only possible exception is Creole and Ca-

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jun cooking, which is different enough to have largely escaped its prototypes and has become somewhat structured, meaning that it follows certain rules in putting together a dish or a meal.

Whatever the trendy food magazines and food writers say, and whatever their outlandish food combinations (found especially in California), the fact still is that we have not produced a truly American cooking system that stands entirely on its own and is as instantly recognizable as an Italian or French way of preparing meats, let us say. There is no classic American cooking, but there is mighty good American cooking. What I personally find so ironic is that nearly all the food trendies who extol American cooking and make such a fuss of it are liberals who despise patriotism. □

THE GIMLET EYE

THE SINGLES INDUSTRY

D. Keith Mano

WE'RE CONSIDERING a trial separation, my wife and I. After all this is the "Single in New York" expo at the Madison Square Garden Rotunda. Who can tell, maybe they have an airport metal detector that'll—clang!—notice our wedding rings. Then—like some cocaine mule caught at JFK—I might get strip-searched for traces of sacrament. But no burn, Fern: this caucus is just another industry trade show, the Great Ohio Breakfast Nook Builders Convention, say. I knew that your video dating service and single cruise/hike/mixer had become a big American buck-bringer. And rap groups for the unmarried must help support every third Methodist or Episcopal church in New York. But, great Mothering Sunday, what're E. F. Hutton and Metropolitan Life and Chemical Bank here for? And a Subaru booth—do they sell only one-seaters? Futon furniture. A house-plant outfit. Belmont Park, Stop-Smoking Clinic, and the *New York Post*. They seem less pertinent than no-pest strips on Saturn.

But the single, in prostitute jargon, is a champagne trick. If not affluent, he/she has low overhead and high expectations. There are four million, an unmerging nation, in the metropolitan area alone. They predict that

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN THE nearly four decades since the end of World War II, and especially in the period since 1970, the capitalist system in Western Europe has undergone changes as alarming as they are sweeping. In many European countries almost 50 per cent of the industrial sector, including its key industries, is state-owned. Where, formerly, governments restricted themselves to utilities and to such basic industries as coal and steel, today they are involved in the production of computer software and other electronic equipment, aluminum pans, cakes, and sports cars, and —through their ownership of airlines and hotel chains—the tourist business as well.

As of the present, the private sector still outweighs the state-owned, but this may easily—and probably will—change, according to R. Joseph Monsen and Kenneth D. Walters, authors of *Nationalized Companies: Capitalism Challenged* (McGraw-Hill, $17.95). Moreover, they argue, "The spread of European state-owned companies has also affected the United States. Americans who once looked on nationalization as a European novelty now regard the issue more seriously, as the controversy over the Chrysler bailout testified."

Does it matter? To this question the authors' reply is an unequivocal: Yes, it does. They have compiled a great deal of information showing that nationalized companies are not in an economic sense profitable, and that in the long run they do their national economies severe and lasting damage. It comes as no surprise to learn that politics, not profit, is the end to which they are acquired and maintained, and that, in the explanations by which governments justify the existence of nationalized companies, "ideology and nationalism"—longhand for socialism and protectionism—"are prominent." It is Monsen and Walters's fear that a combination of demagoguery, shortsightedness, opportunism at home, and protectionism abroad (especially in Japan, lodestar of the East Asian rim, which the authors identify as the new frontier of dynamic capitalist activity) will encourage the United States to indulge in this most perverse of political and economic vices, the result of which will be a future no brighter than that facing Western Europe. In circumstances not difficult to envision, "An industrial policy [could] be high on the agenda of a Democratic Administration and might well become a solution for certain Republican Administrations as an approach to competition with Japan and the new capitalist nations of East Asia as well as the state-owned firms of Europe and the developing nations."

Could it happen here? Monsen and Walters believe that it could, although not all at once and not in this century (which has, when you think of it, only 16 more years to run). Already the European example, in combination with the direct purchase of American companies (Sohio, Ashland Coal, Copperweld, Texasgulf) by foreign state-owned enterprises, has greatly increased the temptation for American politicians to intervene in the affairs of crisis-struck corporations; and already the unfair competitive edge that subsidized companies enjoy in a mixed economy is being felt here.

WHILE "no major political party in the United States has ever made nationalization a plank in its platform," the American system has for at least a hundred years experienced a cyclical history of "reform" movements, each demanding greater regulation of the economy by the national government; and during the past decade there has been widespread discussion of this "option" by advocates such as John Kenneth Galbraith, William Winpisinger, and Felix Rohatyn. With U.S. passenger rail service nationalized, and large loans guaranteed Lockheed and Chrysler (in the case of the latter company, with the endorsement of Ronald Reagan, then the conservative candidate for the Republican presidential nomination), Monsen and Walters conclude that "The United States has moved toward de facto nationalization in some areas in recent years." □

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35,000 singles will drop tens and hundreds here over this weekend. In 1890 these were the people you chaperoned a taffy pull or hymn sing for. They have time and don't quite know how to amuse themselves yet. They can travel, change employment, apartment, commitment. (At MSG real-estate and travel and job agencies are very single-minded.) In a feral pack, these are the young—male young at least—who would be driven out. They jeopardize order: entice mated females, threaten the prevailing older-male rule. But, in New York, we sell them term insurance and a futon hassock.

The capital-S Single will tend to be middle-class. You don't experience yam farmers or hod carriers at MSG. He and she Single are reasonably well-educated, into consciousness, cash, Trump Tower success. But right now they have no root system beyond the odd happy-hour at an East Side bar. Their protective college-glee-club/frat world is gone. Mom and Dad are glad to have empty-nest syndrome. Mr. Single, new on the job, hasn't replaced that hometown or college social structure. By contrast, your car mechanic is still back in the old neighborhood: he will socialize at some traditional bar or with his beer-keg softball team. And your punk-rock kid is at Omfug safety-dancing with other punk-rock kids. But the urban middle-class unwed he and she have been singled out. They're shapeless silver amalgam looking for a cavity to fill.

And the self-image, also, is shapeless as spilled jojoba oil. Profiteers here know that. One has set up a tooth-bonding booth. There are at least four spine-alignment displays. Weight loss is heavy, man: I see this trampoline thing where you can bounce ounces off. Hair weaving will lawn-feed your head. Dianetics, the most distasteful cult around, has an exhibit. Consciousness is everywhere. Including a joint that sells laughable tape-recorded auto-suggestion material. "Subliminal bust enlargement." "Subliminal healthy teeth and gums." "Subliminal world peace." And self-hypnotic cures for bed wetting, nail biting, thumb sucking, acne, parental disapproval, even—put down your nose wheel—jet lag. The Single is impressionable as a wind chime.

And he/she wants sexual liberation. Understand now: I don't refer to permissiveness. If anything, single men and women are on a permissive overdraft. It scares them, I think: so much performance anxiety. Suppose he can't find his nightstick at the group bang. Or she left her orgasm in another dressing gown. Tonight, therefore, we have a strip-tease seminar for middle-class men and women who aspire to sensuality. This is sort of like watching Milton Eisenhower flash. But women, you know, should learn to whistle at men. And men should be proud of the hair over their kidneys. Nowhere, however, will you find gay merchandise: this, even though gays are quite affluent and, according to law, always single. They don't need representation. Gay culture—shall we call it the young-boy network?—is better organized than an Israeli pre-emptive strike.

And yet, look around, even I—at 41—don't seem improbable here. That young just-post-grad bachelor (or "bachelorette"—spinster isn't acceptable language NOW) accounts for no more than 25 per cent of gate at MSG. The rest (as my program subtitle has it) are into "Lifestyle '83." Singleness is attitude. Plato's Retreat, for instance, has a booth: they, remember, don't invite either the stag male or escortless female. Couples who swap—husband/wife or lover/lover—are really not a pair. They're single and single layered together like plywood. It is the lifestyle—travel, job change, sideward mobility (not marriage or cohabitation)—that will determine singleness. Children are maybe the one effective constraining factor: and, if you have enough *au pair* girl money, even that won't make much difference. Singleness is to society now what the pass/fail mark is to academia. It doesn't tell you much.

Yet, after some while, "Single in New York" began to reblock my hat. A composite single was forming from the police identi-kit. He/she has spinal slippage caused by overweight and too much injudicious trampoline bounce. Gum and hairline are out-receding each other. Singles are uninsured and, I think, understandably so. They gamble and inhale life down to the tar-wet filter. L. Ron Hubbard has "cleared" them of all rational vigor. They bed-wet and nail-chew and thumb-suck—and their parents, could you blame them?, disapprove. They do a rancid strip tease whenever jet lag is on them. At home a single house plant lies there, dead of alienation. You wonder they never got married. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Jelly Roll, Jabbo & Fats: Nineteen Portraits in Jazz, by Whitney Balliett (Oxford, 197 pp., $17.95).

ANOTHER SUPERB collection from Whitney Balliett, a literary journalist with a poetic streak who has been writing about jazz for *The New Yorker* at odd intervals ever since 1957. Like its companion volume, the 1977 collection *Improvising: Sixteen Jazz Musicians and Their Art*, Mr. Balliett's 11th book is given over entirely to his acknowledged specialty: the profile. Eleven of the 16 pieces here are standard *New Yorker* profiles raised to the level of high art by Mr. Balliett's wonderfully idiosyncratic prose style and matchless eye for detail. (What other jazz writer would have recorded for posterity the contents of pianist Dick Wellstood's library: Smollett, Huxley, Musil, Nabokov, Meredith, Hazlitt, Gibbon, Chesterton, Leavis, Peacock, and Dr. Johnson?) The other five are a comparatively new wrinkle—elegant brief lives of Jelly Roll Morton, Sidney Bechet, Fats Waller, Lester Young, and Erroll Garner. Leon Edel once called the biographical essay "a beautiful literary form requiring brevity, lucidity, selective detail, and, above all, a light ironic touch." Mr. Balliett's posthumous profiles fit the bill admirably. TERRY TEACHOUT

Footnote Washington, by Bryson B. Rash (EPM Publications, 127 pp., $7.95).

THE CORNERSTONE of the Capitol building was laid by George Washington in 1793, and has never been found. John Wilkes Booth slept in the same bed Lincoln was to die in, a few weeks before the assassination. A fence in Georgetown is made of gun barrels sold after the Mexican War in 1848. Colonel Ulric Dahlgren's leg is interred in a wall of the Navy Yard foundry. Such are a few of the anecdotes Bryson Rash relates in *Footnote Washington*, actually a print version of stories he did for Washington television. Mr. Rash, a Washington journalist since 1936, is an inveterate reader of plaques and markers. His nifty "accumulation of sidebars" will delight both residents and visitors of the District. He disappoints by not including any stories about the Old Ebbitt Grill or the Senators baseball team, but leaves open the possibility of another volume. This is the kind of book, and project, that is hard to put down. JOE MYSAK

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ASSAD FOR PRESIDENT

NEW YORK, JAN. 9

I WRITE ON the risky assumption that Congress will not have declared a national holiday in honor of Jesse Jackson before these words see print. I do believe that a little detoxification is in order, as they say in the alcoholic wards, before the celebration gets completely out of hand. But first . . .

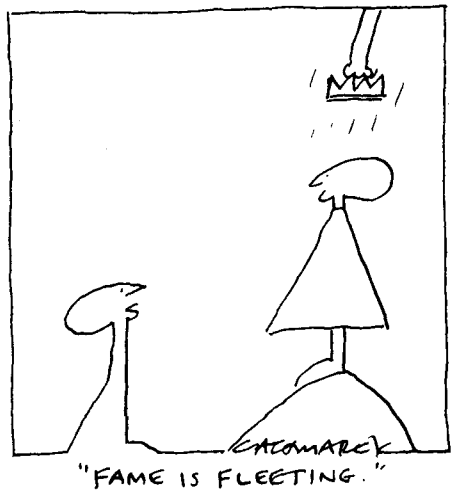
It is an important and necessary part of human behavior that we should act in certain ways in response to certain institutional stimuli. When we go to a wedding, we celebrate. When we go to a funeral, we weep. When we go to a political convention, we applaud. When a GI gets back from a military hoosegow, we cheer.

Now here are a few things to bear in mind in respect of Lieutenant Goodman. The first is that he was in effect a prisoner-of-war of the government of Syria. Never mind for the moment that Syria provoked our reconnaissance flight over Syrian positions in occupied Lebanon. The fact of the matter is that our airplane was shot down, the pilot killed, and the co-pilot, Lieutenant Goodman, detained as the equivalent of a prisoner-of-war. I can see no legal or moral difference between what the Syrians did to Lieutenant Goodman and what the Russians did to Francis Gary Powers when they shot down the U-2 plane: They tried him and gave him a long prison sentence. A few years later we got him out by releasing a Soviet spy. In due course we'd probably have got Lieutenant Goodman out by handing over a Syrian spy, a breed as plentiful as fruit flies.

So then Jesse Jackson, who is running for President and has always run for publicity, returns to the Middle East. I say returns to the Middle East because he was there before, in 1979, being photographed as frequently as now he is being photographed. His mission then was to urge the world to receive Arafat into our bosom, since Arafat was really a man of peace, never mind that the leader of the PLO is a professional terrorist. Now, Jesse Jackson having figured in the release of Lieutenant Goodman, Reverend Jackson reports to the world over television that President Assad "is a human being at heart." The trouble with that statement is that it is only biologically true. Hitler was literally a human being, who had a heart; as was Stalin. The notion that President Assad has become human in any relevant political or humanitarian sense is the kind of thing that works its way into eulogies. The tombstone of the President of Syria is not going to read, "Here lie the remains of Hafez Assad, who gave freedom to Lieutenant Robert Goodman Jr. on January 3, 1984." Since Mr. Assad is a dictator, he will presumably dictate what goes on his tombstone, but if Goodman figured at all, it would be to the effect that "Here lies Hafez Assad, who gave up one American GI, and in return increased the size of the Syrian Empire." [See "Open Letter to Jesse Jackson," by Eldridge Cleaver, p. 33.]

Now while Jesse Jackson was in Syria celebrating the humanitarianism of President Assad, Mrs. Jackson was in Nicaragua celebrating the virtues of the Sandinista government, which has repealed, not just for blacks but for everybody, the Bill of Rights to which her husband is ostensibly devoted. Perhaps the problem runs in the family.

A few things stick out, one minor, the others major. 1) Lieutenant Goodman comes over as a wonderfully impressive young man, intelligent, modest, patriotic, dignified. His presence on the screen was the healthiest part of the Tuesday-Wednesday bacchanalia. 2) The release of Goodman by Assad is, *pace* what the good-hearted Reverend sees in it, not a humanitarian but an entirely cynical act, on the order of Andropov's invitation to dear little 11-year-old Samantha last summer to visit the Soviet Union, to convince her that all the Soviet Union wants is peace, and six thousand intercontinental nuclear missiles. 3) President Assad presides over a totalitarian country in which young Jesse Jacksons get executed for opening their mouths. Mr. Assad is responsible for provisioning terrorist groups that, among their recent incidental achievements, killed 241 American Marines a couple of months ago. 4) Senator Edward Kennedy's statement that "this personal initiative by Reverend Jackson will rank as one of the finest achievements by a private citizen in the history of international relations" suggests that the senator did not study international relations at Harvard. Or since. International relations in Syria are decided by Assad, not Jesse. We like to think that a corollary of that is that American politicians are elected by Americans, not by Syrian dictators. □



WHAT ABOUT CHARLES WICK?

NEW YORK, JAN. 11

THE BOTTOM LINE, as we have been taught to say, is that I do not believe USIA chief Charles Wick should have tape-recorded his telephone conversations. But somewhere above that bottom line there should be room for an observation or two even if one runs the risk of sounding like a defense attorney.

1. Different people have different personal habits. There are those who, for instance, do not throw things away, never mind that the things they might have thrown away could embarrass them. There are examples of this in fact and in fiction. The murderer who cannot bear to destroy the letter from his girlfriend, announcing her intention of going away with the Other Man. *Zap*. Exit girlfriend. But there is no complementary *zap* exiting the girlfriend's letter. Along comes Scotland Yard, and before you know it, our friend is hanging off a gibbet having speculated, just before the trapdoor was pulled open, why on earth he was so dumb as to hang on to that letter.

2. There are those who have no criminal turn of mind who also hang on to this and

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that. This habit can be ascribed to vanity, but is not necessarily that. Quite the contrary. Professor John Kenneth Galbraith so intensely dislikes the first drafts of his books and essays that he destroys them for fear that they should be seen. One wishes he exercised such philanthropy with respect to his finished drafts, but never mind: He is, like certain others, in the company of those who do not like to confront that which they wrote, or spoke, extemporaneously.

3. Even as the writer can desire to keep, or to destroy, his first draft, so is it with people who speak. Permit the personal observation: From time to time generous hosts press into my palm, when I leave a studio, a recording of what it was I said extemporaneously on their programs. I would sooner die than listen to such tapes, even as, along with so many others, I cannot bear to hear a program in which I performed extemporaneously. That is a form of vanity. If you knock off a stretch of prose, or of oratory, that you know could be improved with a blue pencil, you do not wish to see the unedited version lying about.

4. Richard Nixon is the primary historical example of the man who felt otherwise. That sentiment is—once again—not necessarily a sign of vanity. It is the historian's itch. Collect *everything*. If you think this neurotic, or vainglorious beyond reason, talk to an archivist. He will ask you, if he is collecting your *opera*, to save for him *everything*. Literally everything. Even what you'd have thought of as detritus. A scratch-pad notation by John Kennedy or T. S. Eliot, never mind what it says, is "worth" something. Worth something, conceivably, to the historical archaeologist who seeks to piece together that which might cast light on great historical decisions (JFK) or great poetry (T. S. Eliot). There are people in the world who, although they are not presidents or poets, nevertheless incline to the archivist's turn of mind. Charles Wick was one. "I am going to be on the telephone with Jim? Well, record our conversation. Might prove useful."

5. Might prove useful for what purposes? It is obvious from the line of patter going on at the expense of Charles Wick that he allegedly intended to accumulate a telephone library for ugly reasons. I do not think there is any evidence that venal purposes were on his mind. It is, in my judgment, an ugly accretion in the flow of human intercourse to record that which is said extemporaneously. But to record such matter is rather a reflection of bureaucratic inclination, than of malevolence. It is for that reason that one hesitates to denounce Charles Wick for more than an error in judgment.

If one were free to accost human failings in a comprehensive, bureaucratic way, the way to handle the secret-recorder types is surely obvious. Doctors who specialize in the problems of alcoholics tell you that when brother-in-law Phil drops by on one of his binge-visits, what you should do is secretly record his conversation, and then the next day, quick while he's sober, play it to him, to visit on Philip Sober the awful sound of Philip Drunk—and maybe that way persuade him to visit AA. So might we cause the Nixon-Wick-Hoover inclination to go away if we were to present them, after a fortnight or so, with exact transcripts of what it was they actually said, while relaxing over the telephone, or in conversation. The tape recorders would go away.

Meanwhile? Let Congress pass a law forbidding the practice except when sanctioned by the Attorney General. But there is no need, meanwhile, to hang Charles Wick on a sour apple tree. □

THE SOVIETS & THE OLYMPICS

NEW YORK, JAN. 13

WILL THE Soviet Union boycott *our* Olympics? At this point it isn't absolutely obvious that it won't do so. There are the temptations. They are: 1) to punish the U.S. for having pulled out of the Moscow Olympics in 1980; 2) to guard against the temptation of Soviet athletes arrived in America to head for the nearest McDonald's, order a milk shake, smile from ear to ear, and defect. And then, 3) Soviet Olympic athletes may not be so hot this year.

It isn't until June 2 that the Soviet Olympic delegation needs to declare itself definitively on the Games. And the presumption of course is that the Soviet Union will indeed send its athletes to Los Angeles, and that they will do well. And why shouldn't they? No Strasbourg goose intended to yield foie gras suitable for royal tables was ever fed more copiously, or more carefully, than the Soviet athlete. If he does not win the gold medal, or score right up there, it is simply a failure of Russian biology. Perhaps the next cultural exchange program sponsored by the Soviet Union will call for stud arrangements between prize-winning American athletes and hearty Soviet girls. Mr. Mondale will come out for it, in the spirit of international intercourse.

Soon after the Korean airliner incident (remember?) the *Los Angeles Times*'s Robert Gillette published a story reporting on the official Soviet press's warnings to Soviet athletes about life in Los Angeles. Is it a "City of Angels or of Hell?" one Soviet paper asked rhetorically. The Soviets are warning not only about danger in the streets but about the extra danger resulting from the Reagan Administration's fomenting of "anti-Soviet hysteria." The police chief of Los Angeles, which has had a black mayor for a number of years, is described in the Soviet trade-union newspaper under the headline, "Daryl Gates Blusters." And the question is asked, "Will he provide security for Olympians in Los Angeles?" How could he be expected to do so, the Soviet periodical goes on, given that he is a rabid anti-Communist "mournfully known for his savage reprisals against blacks."

So the serious folks in Los Angeles are wondering whether the Soviet Union is preparing to yank its athletes. Blither spirits, perhaps less concerned about what the absence of Soviet bionic men would do to the Games, are otherwise, and more healthily, engaged. Lewis Van Gelder, a journalist, published a column in *Los Angeles*, "The Magazine of Southern California," giving a "translation" (a spoof) of a Soviet article surveying the California scene, and warning Soviet athletes what they should expect in traveling to America. "Such a hazardous undertaking will not be—as the Americans say—'a piece of Coke.' "

I like that. As also I like the references to the well-documented proclivities of America for bloody massacres. The "translation" illustrates: "Vast interior portions of the U.S.A., as is well documented, were taken outright from defenseless Indian tribes in a series of bloody massacres during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Many gunslinging Western 'heroes' such as Alfred ('Wild Bill') Hitchcock and John Wayne are still revered by American schoolchildren and glorified in Hollywood films for their exploits in shooting and 'scalping' entire villages."

The trouble with criticizing that kind of thing is that, really, one can never criticize as excessive any attempted parody of Soviet polemics. Is there such a thing? Well, you can ham it up. *Los Angeles* magazine goes on: "The 'gold' state, as its residents sardonically refer to this bastion of poverty and unemployment, has become a magnet for criminals, sexual deviants, and other assorted misfits from the Eastern territories. The capital city of California is San Diego, site of the infamous 'Alamo,' where Western outlaws Davey Crocker and Pat Boone were killed in a gun battle with Mexican authorities . . ." Whoa!

Too much? But feel the ferrous spinal column. These are words no Soviet athlete coming to America would read and dismiss. "The loved ones you are leaving behind," the article concludes, "eagerly await your swift return. We at the KGB stand inseparably with them in counting the hours until you are with us again." And the Arctic air blows over the whole enterprise in Los Angeles and the smog and the heat and the damp scurry off, chased away by the glacial airs of Gulag. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

MRS. [PHYLLIS] SCHLAFLY ON WOMEN IN COMBAT

The same group that is worried about bosses pinching secretaries in the office is encouraging society to draft 18- to 20-year-old women, send them to basic training, then out to face the enemy on the false premise that women can do anything men can do. [Actual title: *Women in Combat, Sex Harassment, Social Security.*]

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A famous Austrian painter (full name)
11 3 115 45 16 167 34 61 126 193
148

B. Onetime capital of Russia
65 110 121 10 168 17 52 50 178

C. An element; atomic number 8
95 87 67 12 171 185

D. One of a group of dwellings, each pair of which has a common wall; a good place for family quarrels (2 words)
97 176 194 18 179 13 159 173

E. A prominent Russian Communist
113 144 182 23 198 54 26

F. Account
141 55 79 104 192 180

G. Murder of public figures
150 7 66 82 85 94 100 116 152 165
190 207 20

H. A city in Essex County, Mass.
153 106 181 177 70 200 76

I. A river in Ecuador
8 30 33 49 69 80

J. The holding of an office or position
166 68 111 140 130 47 81 102 147 157

K. Conclusion
160 74 151 124 84

L. Murder and robbery by brutal ruffians
189 169 199 39 101 184 143

M. A captive nation
197 40 174 163 24 108 90

N. An obstruction that freedom lovers try to climb over (phrase)
27 4 64 72 1 14 32 41 46 56
118 137 155 161

O. A onetime radio comedian associated with Budd
22 36 53 77 5 35 42 48 83 91

P. A river in France
128 58 187 6

Q. A prominent Russian Communist (full name)
172 28 44 142 156 123 133 154 99 107
120 162 183

R. One of the Cyclades Islands
206 131 145

S. The quality of sharing a common culture
38 205 164 25 127 75 135 196 89

T. A captive nation
57 112 93 146 186 170 134 60 208

U. A canine of the Soviet Union (2 words)
78 21 51 59 73 86 191 203 31 103
125 96

V. The capital of Florida
88 15 29 132 202 37 204 105 109 119
149

W. Greatly esteemed (2 words)
92 136 63 175 114 43 201

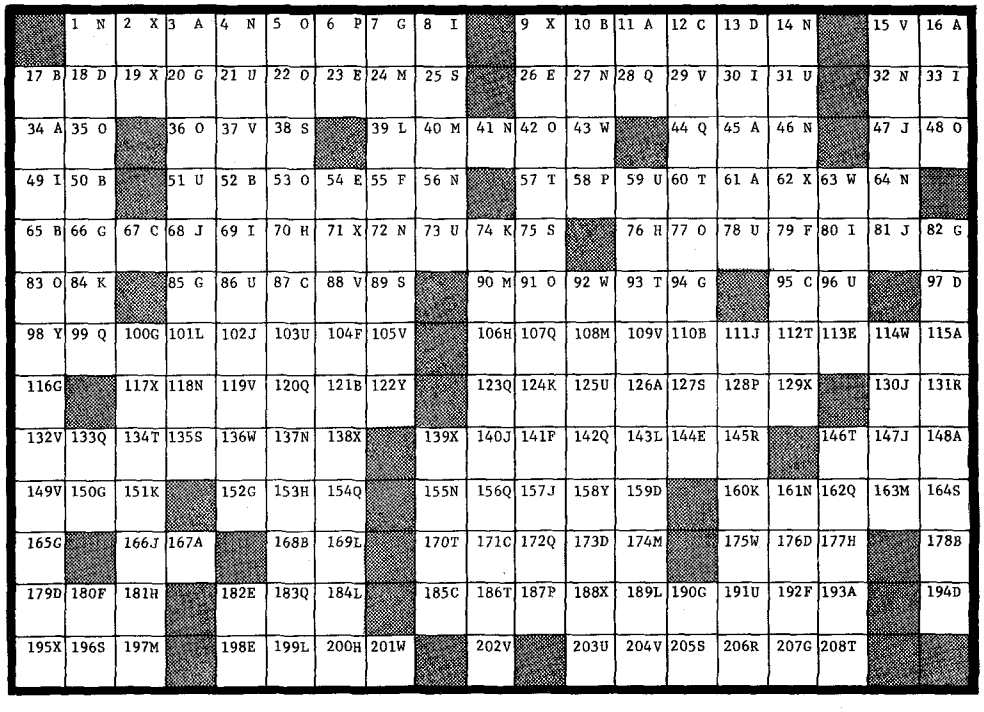
X. A craze that was widespread in Holland during the 1630s
117 2 138 195 9 188 139 19 129 62
71

Y. The organ of sight
158 122 98

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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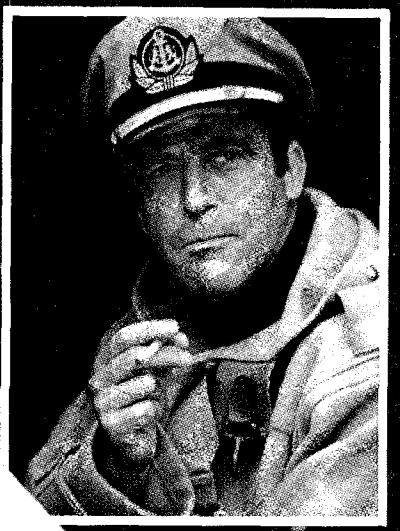

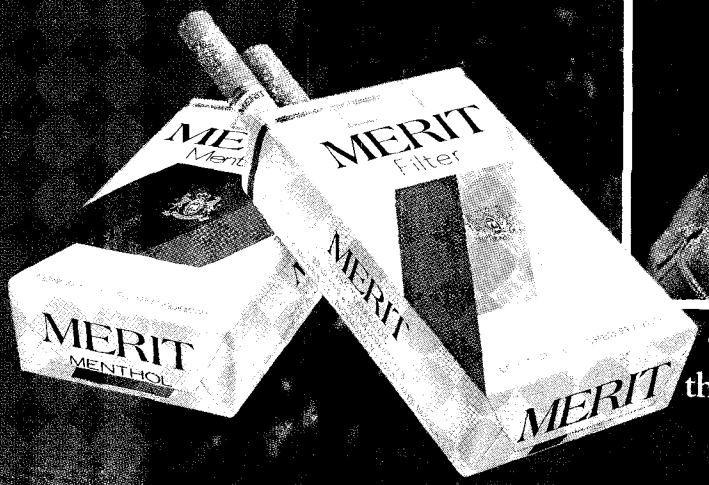

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